THE COMMONWEAL

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EASTER—1925

I arose and am still with thee, alleluia: thou hast laid thy hand upon me, alleluia: thy knowledge is become wonderful, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

JESUS CHRIST died nineteen hundred years ago, nailed by His hands and feet to a cross, His body torn by whips and drained of its blood through a lance wound in its side. The corpse was entombed. Soldiers guarded it. The handful of men and women, mostly workers and fishers, who had followed Him, were dispersed or in hiding. The world power of the Roman Empire, placating the local sentiment of the Jewish church and nation, had completely wiped out a local menace to the established order. A poor carpenter of a subject people who had set up a preposterous claim to be the Founder of a new Kingdom, to incorporate all men of all races of all the world, had ended His dream in the death of a criminal. The greatest failure of history was consummated.

But it was not so! Jesus Christ was not only a carpenter from Galilee, driven forth from His bench by a dream to shatter Himself upon the iron and granite of grim realities—Jesus Christ was God. He arose from that tomb. Out of the deeps of death, He returned to life, with life for all who will to live that life.

"In this great triumph death and life
Together met in wondrous strife,
The Prince of Life, once dead, doth reign."

There is a life in our world that is not subject to death nor any force that is of death. It is treason against this Kingdom of Life, at least on the part of those who are its subjects, ever to doubt that the full and complete triumph of its King will be achieved. Even when we look about this world today, it still is treason for the children of the Kingdom of Life to doubt or to fear.

Yet what a vision of dread does this look upon our world reveal! The waves of the great war receding left the earth drenched in blood and tears; left nations devastated and races decimated; widows and orphans, and cripples, and madmen, and despairing poverty-striken victims crouch or crawl amid the ruins. And still the nations arm against the continuance of the fratricidal slaughtering. Tyrants stride among people too enfeebled to remember that they once were men. Dives, multiplying his descendants although he himself is in hell, laughs to see gold-worshippers coining wealth out of the wreck of the world. To a frenzy of drums, brasses and reeds, the dancing, born of devil-worshiping Negroes, sweeps its foul epidemic through cities once civilized. Rulers of enslaved millions announce that God is dead!

Yet God lives because God is Life—the true life which is Christ. Easter comes. *This is the day that the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein.*

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Before He went to death and after He arose again, Christ set up His Church among men forever. That Church is Himself. Those incorporated in it are members not only of an organized society, but are units of a living body. That body cannot die. No part of that body can suffer death. The Catholic Church lives by a life that is not the life of its individual members, which is not merely the progressive force of a tradition renewed from time to time by human energy—its life is supernatural and eternal and all who partake of it share the force that transforms everything that it affects into that life which is immortal.

There is a writer who has written a book "in the hope that the reader may succeed where I have failed and may find some satisfactory explanation for the fact that a Church, committed to beliefs which seem untenable, still continues to win converts from men not inferior in genius and in acuteness of thought to the heretics who remain outside her fold." This writer might have broadened his question and asked why, not only men of genius and high intellectual ability accept this Church, but why men of all sorts and conditions, rich or poor, of all races, of all degrees, accept it.

To his question one reader of his book has replied, in the pages of Studies, the Irish Quarterly Review, in such an able fashion that The Commonweal humbly and thankfully makes the reply its own, in the hope that at this Eastertide those who are Catholics, and those who are not but who wish to know why the Catholic Church stands today, as through the ages since the first Easter it has stood, as the light and the hope of all the world, may find their hope renewed.

"We see in the world today an organization that is roughly one thousand nine hundred years old. It has been from the outset governed by an unbroken succession of old men who ruled with absolute authority, but were never at any time in a position to maintain that authority by force of arms. These old men and a number of other elderly persons scattered throughout the world have taught a body of doctrines and a code of morals of which they claimed to be the authoritative exponents. Most of these doctrines are of a highly supernatural character, being outside the domain of the physical sciences and beyond the ken of experience, believable only when vouched for by indisputable authority. Yet they have been accepted *and lived* by countless millions from age to age. From its earliest days this organization has been assailed by an interrupted series of critics and accusers, within and without. In the last three hundred years in particular every conceivable charge has been leveled against it and its rulers, its doctrines and its moral code. The libraries of the world are filled with books that refute its doctrines . . . Yet it numbers today some three hundred million members. This membership is (unlike Brahmanism and Judaism) confined to no race; unlike Fetichism, it is not the product of a lower stage of civilization; unlike Islamism, its proselytes are not drawn from inferior races; unlike the various forms of non-Catholic Christianity, it is not merely local and national. It is not confined to the lower and unlettered orders; for it staffs and maintains universities in most of the civilized countries, and learning has always flourished within its pale. Nor is it a religion of aristocracy; for no religion is more popular. In a word, this organization is world-wide. And it is everywhere the same, teaching the same things in Tahiti or Pekin as in Georgetown University or Maynooth College."

Mr. Lunn, the writer who asks the question to which the reviewer in Studies makes such a thought-provoking reply, refers to "the heretics who remain outside her fold," as if all are necessarily heretics—that is, wilful deniers of truth—who do not accept her claims. But as Father Bourgeois recently said at a conference at Louvain University, speaking of the splendid work performed by many Protestant missionaries in China:

"In the first place, the Protestants of England and America are scarcely any longer heretics in the strict sense of the word—i.e., souls in formal revolt against the authority of the Church. They belong to the church of their country, and they believe honestly (but alas! wrongly) that their church is Christ's church. Of course, such a church receives but little of the abundant stream of graces received in the Catholic Church, and the effect is seen in the less fruitful return obtained from Protestant effort. But granted that the church is a branch cut off, the fact remains that very many splendid souls in England and America are Protestant simply because the possibility of being anything else has never entered their minds. Frequently their baptism is perfectly valid, and consequently they have the right to the fruits of Baptism. Does anyone believe that our Lord refuses them His grace or a share in His apostolic spirit? If then these souls sacrifice themselves for Him, to whom does the glory of their sacrifice belong? To heresy and the spirit of revolt? By no means. It is not the spirit of revolt, unknown to these honest souls, which sends them forth to preach the Gospel in distant lands. It is the love of Jesus; and the love of Jesus is not specifically Protestant: it is Christian."

And if there are Protestants not wilfully refusing the light of the Church, so also are there many not following Christianity in any conscious manner who yet are sincerely seeking truth and enlightenment and a way that will bring the rule of love to all the world.

To all such, and to all others as well who need Christ even more than those upon whom some beam of His light now falls, we wish the joys and the fruits of Easter, praying, as through the world many millions pray, in the words of the Easter Mass:—

Receive, O Lord, we beseech thee, the prayers and sacrifices of thy people; and grant that what we have begun at these Paschal mysteries may by thy power avail us as a healing remedy unto everlasting life.

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WEEK BY WEEK

IT MAY be remembered that some weeks ago The Commonweal called attention to certain highly absurd statements made by Mr. E. V. Lucas, the English essayist, in The Ladies' Home Journal, concerning Catholic dogma and Catholic belief. We expressed our opinion that Mr. Lucas was guiltless of any wilful intention to misstate Catholic belief, and that the editors of The Ladies' Home Journal shared with the author of the offensive article the blame simply of rashness in publishing statements concerning religion which obviously had not been subjected to the slightest investigation. We are glad to observe that in the March issue of The Ladies' Home Journal, there is an editorial expression of regret for the publication of the erroneous statements, sentiments with which Mr. Lucas associates himself. We consider it only proper to reprint what The Ladies' Home Journal has to say on the subject:—

"IN an article on Murillo's painting of the Immaculate Conception, published in the December issue of The Ladies' Home Journal, Mr. E. V. Lucas stated erroneously that the Spanish section of the Church of Rome set its seal on the vision of a nun by teaching the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, understanding thereby that the Virgin was not born, but 'created spontaneously in the air,' ready to descend to earth, and that the Church 'having added this article to its faith' insisted on having it depicted as Murillo has done. We regret that these erroneous statements appeared in our pages. What Mr. Lucas should have stated was that the Murillo painting conveyed to him the impression of immortality. Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., one of the resident clergy at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, London, and one of the great Jesuit scholars of England, writes the following comment on Mr. Lucas's error—'At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Spanish Church, seconded by the crown and the court, were insistent in trying to bring about a formal definition of the Immaculate Conception as a dogma of faith. To this end urgent representations were made to the Holy See, and throughout the peninsula the acceptance of the teaching that Mary, the Mother of the Savior, was exempt from the stain of original sin became a sort of criterion of orthodoxy. As an indication of the hold the subject had on men's minds it may be noted that the common Spanish name Concha is only a diminutive of Concepción. So far as regards the pictorial representation of this prerogative, it is possible that Murillo was influenced by a vision attributed to the saintly Portuguese virgin, Beatrix da Silva, who had founded about 1484 an order of nuns, the 'Concepcionistas,' under this special invocation. She had seen the Madonna as a girl of thirteen or so, floating in space in a robe of blue and white, with the moon at her draped feet and above her head the stars, and cherubim all about her. But before Murillo, Italian painters like Louis Carracci, Guido Reni and the Spaniard Ribera had adopted a very similar method of idealizing the 'All-Pure' Virgin as she existed in the mind of God before her life on earth. The mystics of the middle-ages had always identified the Madonna with the 'woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet' as described in the Book of Revelations. May I add that I quite understand that what Mr. Lucas has written was written in all good faith and without any idea of exploiting anti-Catholic prejudice?'—Mr. Lucas himself wishes to lay emphasis on Father Thurston's last sentence. His information came from a source which he believed to be sound. Nothing could be farther from his mind than the wish to cause distress to any of his readers."

LABOR unions for college professors are once again advocated. This time, it is Mr. Roger Baldwin of the Civil Liberties Union who urges the remedy for what he calls intolerance and obstruction to free thought in American colleges and universities. The professors show slight tendency to accept the program. Perhaps their observation of the labor unions as respects freedom of opinion may not be encouraging to them. It really seems as if there were little for them to gain by combination, especially as they would disagree extensively among themselves. And the spectacle of men supposed to be devoted to intellectual ideals, engaged in the squalidities of mass bargaining is not very inspiring. As a matter of fact, the professors generally have all the liberty that is good for them or their following. When a man is really big

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and has original thought, well matured and salutary in purport, to advance, we never hear of any great opposition or restraint imposed upon him. The cases of dispute almost invariably involve forms of originality which leave the general public cold or hostile or even amused. After all, as between a college and its professors, the whole is apt to be more important than its constituent part. The professor always has the sacred right to go elsewhere if he cannot gratify his soul by teaching what his university believes in. It is rather a contradiction in ideas of liberty, if the organization, on the contrary, must always lend its countenance to what it does not believe in.

DR. ALEXIS CARREL says the only hope for mankind is in research. By this he seems to mean that as science has eliminated in a great degree all the easy ways of dying, such as the germ diseases provided, men are now obliged to shuffle off this mortal coil by the agency of cancer, lingering kidney disease, or brain affections, withal not attaining any great age, as a rule. His idea is that pure physiological research is now in order for the discovering of means of averting the new-fashioned lethal maladies. In a word, Dr. Carrel emphasizes what has been noted already—that science has increased, not the length of human life, but its average. Just how much can be done in staving off the diseases of senility remains to be seen, but it is quite certain that no matter how much research may accomplish, there will always be a limit to the prolongation of life. It may be that men will reach eighty, or a hundred or more; but for every birth there is sure to be a death, sooner or later. The somewhat important question suggested by Dr. Carrel's idea is, therefore, whether death can be made any more welcome or any more endurable, physically or physiologically, by the new research which he now contemplates. At any rate, let nobody be misled by his speculations on the future of medicine. Death is the inevitable end that everyone has to reckon with after the researchers have done their best or their worst. Only, it is not the end. Nietzsche's Zarathustra heard in the clock of time the word it tries to say—"Eternity."

ALL the Babbitts are not found in America—indeed, there is more than a suspicion that the first of a long line called himself Homais and dwelt at Yonville, in France—France, to which the pie-poisoned intellectual betakes himself when the aridity of the American scene has created an intolerable thirst for a softer civilization and beverages of higher alcoholic content. A descendant in the direct line of Flaubert's deathless pharmacist would seem to be Deputy Raffin-Dugens, of the Communist party, who, the other day, and as a counterblast to Deputy Gaillard's refusal to be sworn except on a crucifix, brought a hammer and sickle, as emblems of his political faith, into court, and demanded to be deposed thereon.

THE imbecility and vulgarity of M. Dugens's gesture comes like an echo from the revolutionary tribunal of 1794. The very belief that his foolish feat is any answer to the protest from the opposing camp gauges his mental make-up. You may like or dislike the cross. That is a matter of sentiment. But that it has stood for centuries an accepted symbol of courage, self-sacrifice and security is a matter of fact. That it was to be seen in all French courts till torn from the walls twenty-five years ago, is matter of history. The picture of the crucifixion that once hung above French seats of justice was essentially "in its proper place." It reminded judges that the greatest trial of which history keeps record ended in an unjust sentence. It reminded the trembling culprit that the first fruit of the Redemption by Blood was a crucified thief. The cult of the cross is not even an exclusively Catholic possession. The Scandinavian sailor still crosses his breast when lightning runs into the sea near his skiff. The attempt to substitute for this hallowed and universal emblem whatever happen to be the tools of a deponent's craft, opens up a lively prospect of mirth to come. The mason may refuse to be sworn upon anything save his hod, the plumber demand centre-bit and soldering iron. The journalist, one supposes, will hale his trusty Corona into court; the fisherman—but at this point imagination halts. Can anyone imagine a fisherman telling the truth, even with a complete equipment of rod, line, hook and sinker under his hand?

NANCY, VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, the American peeress whose self-imposed mission is to dehydrate the British working classes, is not to be congratulated upon the dates she chosed in writing to the London Times to enforce the lesson of national demoralization through alcohol. "In 1918, when the consumption of alcohol was low," she notes, "666 persons were proceeded against for attempting suicide . . . In 1920, 1,449 —or more than twice as many." Assaults "on constables" or otherwise, are made to tell the same tale. To Lady Astor it is probably a mere coincidence that in 1918, over 4,000,000 Britons, including a large proportion of the habitually thirstier categories, were either in the trenches or in uniform and preparing to return home. Assaults and misdemeanors committed by this large and spirited class would naturally be dealt with by military tribunals and consequently not go to swell the figures which the member for Plymouth quotes so aptly.

SUICIDES are rather a different matter. But it is at least conceivable that the temptations to live on a while longer and taste the felicities promised by Mr. Lloyd George, in "a land made fit for heroes to live in," was strong, even for the most depressed. Belief that drinking habits are increasing in England does not, unhappily, depend upon Lady Astor's accuracy.

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It is the impression brought home by one traveler after another who returns to America. But that these "sign-posts of demoralization" point to any real decay of moral fibre in the English poor, or are anything save excesses always attendant on poverty and hopelessness, it would be difficult to prove. In any case, it hardly falls to the lot of the class into which Lady Astor has married, and which, in the recent words of the heir to the throne, "cannot possibly squeeze into my schedule another race, hunt, dance or anything else," to blame their poorer brother when he, too, reaches for pleasure in its only cheap and accessible form. Certain "sign-posts of demoralization," higher and more scarlet than anything Lady Astor offers, are appearing in the columns of the American press just now and seem to prove that, if degradation is really at work in England, it is working downward, rather than upward.

THAT the pilgrim on the highroad of beauty suffers hunger—hunger for the Perfection so far beyond all ambitious human attempt—is a fact to which many artists have borne witness, from Cézanne to Gauguin, from Schlegel to Hermann Bahr. "Should the fingers of vision touch your spirit, they will urge you on to the House of Peace," someone has said—so truly that we are not astonished with what the French biographer of Eleonora Duse tells us concerning the spiritual quest of her final years. Her soul was the scene of a dramatic conflict more stirring than any she interpreted superbly on the stage. The faith she had passed over rather carelessly during youth, commenced to stir and pulse within her aged, tired breast like a forgotten source of life. "It cannot be doubted that she stood very near the goal towards which her steps had returned," says M. Schneider. "I recall a little book of prayers by Saint Thomas Aquinas, in a French version: she had underscored three times the words—'Grant unto me, O Lord, a mind that can understand Thee.' The humility of that petition was something for which her spirit yearned, even as it yearned for faith. Having followed her along the bleak road of her later years, I do not feel surer of anything than that she belonged to the splendid company of those who attain truth, and calm their souls by sufferings borne in body and in heart."

A HAIR OF THE DOG

MISSIONARY spirit in the Protestant Free Churches has not greatly changed since the day the senior Mr. Weller resented the collection of funds to be spent in supplying "moral pocket handkerchiefs," because the heathen who were to be their beneficiaries wouldn't know how to use them when they got them. A report just presented to the Congress on Christian Work in South America, and prepared by Dr. Charles M. Braden, of Chicago, and of "the Methodist-Episcopal Church in Chile," shows in what mediocre results the Protestant missionary bodies will find matter for self-congratulation so long as they have been achieved at the expense of the ancient Church. As a result of twenty years of effort and expenditure, the total number of "Protestant churches in all republics"—in other words, in the whole of South America—has increased from 30,000 to 122,000; while the number of "nationals" enrolled as "evangelical pastors and teachers" has grown from 750 to 2,105.

The exiguity of the figures, is of course, the best comment upon Dr. Braden's report. The New York press, in giving it a double column head in display type, shows clearly enough that what "features" the story and gives it news interest, is the very incongruity of such a thing as Methodist-Episcopal effort at all in South America. The initial success obtained by any movement can always be presented impressively and the figures given probably represent no more than the minimum that might be expected of any missionary undertaking backed by large funds, energetic workers and the prestige of the American name. Actual volume, not proportional increase, is the test, if material test be admitted, of apostolate. Twice one is an increase of 100 percent. But for practical purposes it remains two, and two only.

The inwardness of this report from Montevideo lies, not so much in the figures given as in the conclusions drawn. They are presented, this time, in somewhat unfamiliar shape. The old, old story of Rome and its corrupt priesthood, of a benighted populace eager to hear the gospel message in its pure evangelical form, is felt to be out of date, if not discredited. The call for "increased work and scope" of the Protestant bodies in South America now comes in a guise more inspiring to modern zeal. "A growing spirit of materialism and a tendency to throw overboard anything that savors of religion," Dr. Braden sees throughout the southern continent. "The southern republics," he notes, "are entering upon a period of intensive commercial development, which is . . . shifting the emphasis away from the cultural, religious evaluation of life to one that is strongly materialistic." The change, he admits, is largely due to the large number of representatives "from Europe and North America interested in the material profit," who have gone into South America to show forth by their works and example the faith of the dollar that is in them. Nevertheless, the present strikes him as an opportune time to remove the impression in Spanish America that "the church is a capitalistic organization, dominated by capitalistic interests," and it is the churches under whose rule such a conception has gained ground who should undertake the work of reparation.

The retort that a demonstration might be attempted nearer home and under conditions which would bring it more forcibly to the world's attention, is so obvious that it is hardly worth making. It is more enlightening to take note once more of a misconception, which

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has never ceased to obsess the Nordic-Protestant mind, from the days when Mazzini and Garibaldi were Free-Church heroes; namely, that revolt against Catholic discipline in Latin countries implies any love for Protestantism or any impression that it may have a more palatable message to offer. Everyone who has lived in Latin countries knows the type of intellectual whose fermenting intelligence is only too ready to "throw overboard anything that savors of religion." In the past century, which was a century of idealism, even though of a perverted sort, he gravitated naturally to the ranks of Freemasonry, the Carbonari and revolution generally. Today, when belief in democratic solutions of the world's ills is in suspended animation, exactly the same type of mind finds release in a ruthless materialism, a worship of mechanical proficiency and a bigoted and cynical insistence that mercantile prosperity is the only measure of national or personal greatness. His is the spirit that, with Marinetti and his "futurists," would tear down churches and palaces, erect factories and smelting-mills on their site, and free Italy from the reproach of being the "aesthetic peep-show of the world."

There is no doubt that this sentiment, which is attaining a rank growth among the Latin peoples, and which, there is no reason to question, extends to South America, is associated with a considerable respect for the Protestant churches. But no one who has spoken to intelligent Spaniards or Italians of the "new school," will believe for a moment that the new regard has its roots in any grounds of dogma or doctrine. It is an adventitious affair, partly due to the fact that the two strongest and richest countries in the world are prevailingly Protestant in religion, and partly to a historic perception that the Reformation, in shaking off the restraints which Catholicism imposed on human acquisitiveness, laid the foundation of their commercial and industrial greatness. It is part and parcel of the very spirit which Dr. Braden, with honest indignation, deplores in his message. But to argue that Protestantism, which has worked the damage, is predestined to cure it, is very like prescribing a hair of the dog for the bitten patient.

THE UNITED STATES AND PERU

PERU may finally accept President Coolidge's award in the Tacna-Arica controversy with Chile—or she may not. Her action in either case is really the least important aspect of the affair. Nor is the issue itself between Chile and Peru of supreme world importance, beyond the natural desire to see justice done. But the position in which the United States is placed is of very great moment, not alone to ourselves, but to every country with which we have dealings. It spotlights the central defect of our whole relationship to Latin America and the primary weakness of the Monroe Doctrine as a constructive idea.

Our position at present in unembellished language is this—we have notified the other nations of the world that they are not to interfere in Latin-American affairs, that our fiat is paramount in this hemisphere (Secretary Olney tacked this postscript to the Monroe Doctrine)—we have invented the doctrine of "friendly bayonets" as a background for our diplomatic "suggestions" to Latin America; we have created ourselves trustees of both American continents. Add to this general position the specific fact that President Coolidge is the arbitrator in a long standing dispute of very real importance to the two countries involved in it, and we have a picture of unending future discord between ourselves and the nations upon whose friendly acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine depends in a large measure the peace of this hemisphere and our ability to be of disinterested service to the future commercial and economic disputes of the world. For it is well to remember that many of those disputes will centre in Latin America as one of the commercially undeveloped centres of this crowded globe.

In the early days of the Monroe Doctrine, it was the intention of our wiser statesmen, particularly Monroe himself, and John Quincy Adams, to make the Doctrine a Pan-American declaration, and, by implication, to make the settlement of inter-American disputes a matter of common interest to all the American republics. That was a sound idea. It met defeat at the hands of a dilatory and semi-hostile Senate, imbued with the idea that any such association of American nations would violate Washington's principle of "no entangling alliances." Which proves, if you will, that the perspicacity of the Senate has not changed greatly in a hundred years, and also that once a sound idea is buried beneath Senate oratory, it becomes very hard to resurrect.

Instead of adopting this idea of coöperative management of purely American affairs, we have drifted more and more toward an autocracy of the United States, modified on the one hand by our good intentions and fortified on the other by our physical power to enforce our will. It is a diplomatic despotism, pure and simple, and only slightly the better for being a supposedly benevolent one. Asserting loudly with our mouths the glories and benefits of democratic principles, we have maintained with our arms the principles of imperialism. That our methods have not been effectively challenged to date is a credit to our financial and military resources, but hardly a credit to our clear thinking, our sincerity or our singleness of purpose.

It is not what Peru may do today that should concern us so much, as what future Perus and future Chiles may do in future controversies. The time has come to help create a permanent Pan-American tribunal whose decrees will have the sanction of our prestige and power, but whose decisions will carry the still higher moral sanction of coöperative action and

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combined judgment. Otherwise we shall perpetually find ourselves in the position of apparently favoring one Latin-American country against another. Charges will be raised inevitably that our decisions are influenced by the commercial interest we have at stake in the favored country—that we have large mining concessions we do not wish to imperil, or large loans we must protect, or future favors we wish to obtain. The outcry against dollar diplomacy will become more insistent and more damaging to our prestige everywhere.

As matters now stand we are in the historically piteous plight of the man who attempts to settle his neighbor's domestic quarrels. This is not a responsibility we should shirk on its own account. But it happens to be one we have gratuitously assumed, and which our earlier and wiser statesmen wished us to avoid. It is in essence and practice the very worst kind of entanglement with foreign nations, because it entangles our judgment with their private destinies. It may require executive courage to recommend a fundamental change in our Latin-American policy, but we believe that President Coolidge has precisely that kind of courage. If we get out of Tacna-Arica without creating a permanent centre of hostility in Latin America, we shall be undeservedly lucky. But there is no excuse for finding ourselves again in the same position. It is time to be radical—by going to the roots of what we started to do a hundred years ago.

PALESTRINA—1525-1925

THE fourth centenary of the birth of Palestrina finds his name still bright in the golden sunsets of time, proudly emblazoned on his tomb in Saint Peter's in Rome—the Princeps Musicæ—the father and sovereign of the musical annals of the Church.

The name of this son of the humble Sante Pierluigi is the symbol of a great epoch, when Rome was the heart of the civilized world and music throughout all Europe was, in its highest manifestations, as Saldoni declared, a purely ecclesiastical art. It was the period when Popes and councils undertook to reform abuses in the choirs and organ-lofts; when the universities exacted of all their students a course in "speculative music;" when powerful princes and cardinals disputed for the possession of a famous organist and choir-master, and Popes competed with emperors and kings in patronizing the splendid folio publications of their works.

On the domes and porticos of the Eternal City shone the triumphs of Bramante and Palladio; sculpture was at its apogee in Michelangelo, painting was glorious in a Leonardo and a Raphael: archeology, medicine and experimental science were all glittering with the new light of the golden age of the Universal Church.

From distant Spain the Borgias brought their Iberian geniuses and, wrapped in his Castillian cloak, Don Thomé de Victoria passed on his famous way in Rome: the Medici brought their musicians as well as their painters and sculptors from Florence; France and the Low Countries competed in this amphitheatre of world culture, disputing for the prizes of the tourney under the eyes of the Vicar of Christ Himself.

"Palestrina was a colossal genius," declares Monsignor Patrick F. O'Hare. "He was the great master of the angelic art. He placed the music of the Church at such a sublime height that no musician or composer, at least to the advent of the instrumental polyphonic music of Bach and Beethoven, even approached him, much less equalled him. The standard of polyphonic music and of the chant which he created inspired their pens and stimulated others of lesser note to compose works becoming the house of prayer, increasing devotion, aiding the priest and the people in a holy communion of sentiment to reach the throne of God."

It was from Hucbald, the humble Flemish Benedictine born about the year 840, that the present-day system of musical counterpoint first came into being, although it is said that the music of the churches rapidly lost all sense of what we call the proprieties and the relations it should have borne to the service it was supposed to illustrate. We must not forget that our sense of such proprieties is a rather modern development. The older generations saw nothing incongruous in Cyrus in a French peruke or in Macbeth and Julius Caesar arrayed in Teutonic lambrequins. Words and snatches of old songs were shaken together in extraordinary confusion, so that they no longer expressed any one idea, but took on a character worldly, sensuous, lacking in beauty and the dignity appropriate to the solemnity and directness of Catholic worship. When a famous churchman came forth to declare that the ecclesiastical music of his day was unfit to be offered to God and that nothing but complete ignorance could excuse its participants from grievous sin, the time of papal reform was already at hand.

Palestrina had been called to Rome from his native town, whence he takes his universal name, in the year 1551, and was entrusted with the direction of the boy-choir of the church of Saint Peter's. In 1554 the publication of a volume of Masses gained promotion for him to a place in the papal choir, in spite of the exclusion from that corps of all married men. This favor of Pope Julius (1549-1555) was extended by Pope Marcellus, whose reign lasted for only twenty-one days, and with the election of the rigid disciplinarian, Paul IV, Palestrina found himself dismissed from the choir as an intruding layman. Shortly afterwards he became maestro di cappella of San Giovanni Laterano and here produced his series of Lamentations, Magnificats and the Improperia that have made his name immortal.

Between 1561 and 1571 he held the post of choir-master in Santa Maria Maggiore, the most brilliant epoch in his life. Palestrina has the unique

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glory of having had his music declared the official model for the reforms ordered by the commission of the Council of Trent to put into effect the decree: "Let the bishops take care to exclude from the churches all musical compositions, whether for organ or for voice, in which anything lascivious or impure is mingled, so that the house of God may truly appear and be called the house of prayer." Pursuant to this decree Pope Pius IV appointed a commission of eight cardinals, one of whom was the famous Saint Charles Borromeo, who invited Palestrina to compose some Masses to be judged by the commission. Among the three Masses he submitted, composed in the tonalities of the Gregorian chant, was the renowned Missa Papæ Marcelli, the masterpiece of all his works, the musical gem of all ecclesiastical chant. It was first rendered during a solemn Mass in the Sistine Chapel, celebrated by Cardinal Borromeo in the presence of his uncle, Pius IV, on June 17, 1565, and the commission declared it to be, "the vindication of the cause of true church music: first, because it contained no profane or lascivious airs or imitations thereof; second, because it excluded all unliturgical accessories in the text; third, because the sacred words were perfectly intelligible." From that time to the present day no other music save the Plain Chant and the Masses of Palestrina have ever been heard in the papal chapel, and whenever the Pope officiates or presides at any solemnity elsewhere, his own choir accompanies him and sings only the music of Palestrina.

In spite of this marvelous genius and the exquisite beauty of his compositions, the patronage of the Church, its Popes and cardinals, the enthusiastic acceptance of his oratorios by Saint Philip Neri for the recitals that he organized, church music failed to sustain the high place given to it by the culture, taste and piety of the great men of the Italian renaissance. The artificialities in letters and the arts that came over the world at the beginning of the eighteenth century carried the music school of Venice and the masters of the Spanish organ to dangerous experiments in suggestiveness and dramatical compositions, which, with the defective sense of the historical and the appropriate that then prevailed, resulted in the strange but inappropriate church compositions of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Mozart regretted all his achievements in the face of the Gregorian preface. Luther himself states "we have adopted the beautiful music employed under Popery on vigils, dead masses and funerals. The song and the notes are very valuable and it were a shame should they be lost." Beethoven declared: "To compose true church music we must consult the old chants of the monasteries." Bishop Dunne of Peoria, in the Ecclesiastical Review, states that "in many of Haydn's Masses the prayers of supplication sound like a musical derision of the words and have no more the spirit of 'grave ecclesiastical music' than a hand-organ with monkey obligato." Many of us have heard the Veni Creator sung to the air of Home to Our Mountains from Il Trovatore; De Koven's Oh, Promise Me plagiarized from Gastaldon's Musica Proibita. During Benediction, the O Salutaris has been wafted to our distracted ears in the melody of Campana's "Let me inhale the fragrant breath that round thy lip is playing"—and sometimes to the air of Alice, Where Art Thou. What a powerful stimulus to piety! How edifying, especially to our separated brethren—when hearing the Tantum Ergo harmonized to a stray melody from Maritana, Lucia di Lammermoor, or some other opera! How frequently must the priest interrupt the Mass waiting until Mademoiselle la Soprano has terminated her vocal pirouettes in her high C. Frequently he dares not proceed with the Holy Sacrifice as the liturgy prescribes, lest he should offend Signor Basso Profundo in his bellowing gyrations through the bass-clef.

It was to meet such conditions that Pope Pius X issued his famous Motu Proprio, banishing all such abuses and recalling the choir-masters to a proper sense of the dignity and importance of their rôle in the liturgical service. Speaking of the Gregorian Chant, Benedict XIV declared that "pious men rightfully prefer it to mensural music" although it is only the abuses of the figured music that are definitely condemned. In answer to critics who aver that they dislike Plain Chant on account of its lack of harmony and melody, Bishop Dunne reminds us: "No musical writer of any importance has ever pronounced Plain Chant devoid of melody." "The Gregorian melodies," says the Protestant Thibault, "are truly celestial. Created by genius in the happiest ages of the Church and cultivated by art, they penetrate the soul far more than most of our modern compositions written for effect."

It seems that we must again turn back to our great masters of the past if we are to have a music appropriate to our churches, without the virtuosity and protuberant personalities of our theatres and concert platforms. In this day when individualism and character qualities are so much lauded and so intensively cultivated, it seems a rather strange proceeding to inculcate the impersonal qualities of our spiritual art. We must not forget that the whole school of Parnassianism in France was based upon the elimination of the artist and poet, that one was to behold the work and not the workman. It was a very high ideal, indeed, and it has left but few masterpieces behind it. Humanity is too proud to be hidden long in folk-products; we have left the ages of art behind and have come into the ages of the artists. Not of such are the pure souls that sustain the movement to restore the ancient glories of the Church in the masterpieces of Palestrina. It is a work of self-denial, of true holiness and inspiration; it is in a way the vocalization of true religion—and therefore the official music of the Church.

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THE FRENCH CHURCH POLICY

By ERNEST DIMNET

WHAT is happening in France at the present moment is so vital, and the way in which the resistance of the French Catholics to M. Herriot's policy is judged in America is so important, that I cannot fail to comment on the article of Mr. Denis Gwynn in The Commonweal of February 25.

Mr. Denis Gwynn is a young Irish journalist who lived in France for several years towards the end of the war, and whose personal qualities must have favorably impressed other Frenchmen besides myself. But, as he says in his article, he is "a foreign observer," who, during the recent developments, was not on the spot, but in London; and this means dangerous possibilities for lack of information and even misapprehension. Besides, Mr. Gwynn, too young to have any direct knowledge of the religious history of France in the crucial early years of the twentieth century, does not seem to have acquired the historic background indispensable for a judgment on the present action of the Church in France: it rather staggers one to find that he is uncertain about the date of such a capital event as the separation of Church and State, which he repeatedly places in 1909 instead of 1903.

As a matter of fact, many important statements in his article have to be challenged. His description of the Catholic forces in France under-estimates them more than is admissible: to say that the centre is "almost completely paganized," is to ignore the remarkable organization of such dioceses as Orleans, and even Tours, where the present Minister of the Interior, M. Chautemps, told me himself that he was once regarded as "the Archbishop's candidate," and did not seem to be sorry. To say that "in the north and the south the Catholics are at best a vigorous and organized minority," leads one to ask Mr. Gwynn what he means by those vague geographical appellations. The Catholics in the north proper (i.e., the sections of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais) are an admirably organized majority, and as for the south, Mr. Gwynn would not have mentioned it had he written his article a few days later, after the tremendous Marseilles demonstration. He is entirely misleading when he calls the French Radicals a "Liberal" party, as well as when he says that "the Liberal school which M. Herriot represents has always been profoundly distrustful of the Catholic Church." Distrustful is far too weak a term when hatred in all its forms is the reality. Again, when Mr. Gwynn says that "the return of the Liberals to power unfortunately involved of necessity a revival of the old religious feuds in French politics," he seems to bow to some unconquerable historic force instead of telling the reader what is the truth, viz.—that the so-called Liberals have only one platform—anti-clericalism.

Worse than these details, is Mr. Gwynn's general contention that Catholics are ill-advised in their resistance and that its results will ultimately go against the interests of the Church herself. "A detached observer can scarcely fail to note that M. Herriot and his Cabinet have acted with more prudence and restraint than has been shown on the Catholic side." Towards the end of his article, he also says that—"M. Herriot has been playing his hand skilfully." He speaks of the Catholics as "in revolt," which is, to say the least, a badly chosen phrase where no trace of any illegal act can be detected. He is afraid "their threats of armed resistance will create such an atmosphere of civil strife as will make the indifferent mass of the people consider that it is the Catholic leaders, clergy and laymen alike, who are the real disturbers of the peace." Altogether his article is calculated to give the American reader the impression that the French Catholics are in the wrong.

At the root of his theory is a purely political idea. "Much of the weakness of the Church's position is due to the unfortunate association of the Church, and especially of the clergy, with a political program which has become discredited," viz.—the program of M. Poincaré. Here many a reader must have raised his eyebrows wondering in his remoteness from all sources of information except the newspapers whether this can be true. Are the French priests at it again? Is there still a leaven of something like their old royalism in them?

The present writer remembers the days when the older French clergy could not imagine the future of religion as separate from that of the monarchy; before Mr. Gwynn was born, or when Mr. Gwynn was a very little boy, he was doing his best in the press of his country to counteract the notion; he has been accused of liberalism so often that he cannot be accused of being a reactionary at the same time, and the large Catholic audience which last winter heard him in New York at the Plaza Hotel must have felt that here was no champion of superseded ideas. So he can be believed if he declares that no explanation can be more remote from the truth than that the Church is now attacked by one Prime Minister because she unwisely threw in her lot with another. Mr. Gwynn lives in London, and he simply says what the British press, Protestant after all in its immense majority, and terribly biased even when it honestly thinks itself fair, will say for many years to come (because it has said it during so many years in the past)—"le lapin a commencé." The Church will always be to blame, as Poland will always be to blame, and Ireland will always be to blame. But not infrequently the Church, and Poland, and Ireland

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Gwynn has evidently forgotten—that these few prelates were opposed to M. Poincaré, nay, are even opposed today to General de Castelnau, and will not allow their young men to give their names to his Federation, that is to say, the body which carries on the present resistance to M. Herriot's measures. Facts are facts, and without the knowledge of facts a writer effetely obeys that puny influence, the public opinion of his immediate circle, and misleads the thousands who read without being able to criticize him.

During the Premiership of M. Poincaré, as during the Premierships of his predecessors, Briand, Millerand and Leygues, the French Catholics, conscious of the necessity of union, did not oppose the government. M. Poincaré was politically a Radical, like M. Herriot, but guided by a keener sense of the tremendous difficulties, financial and political, which France is facing, he too saw the necessity of union. He lost the election, not because of this intelligent Liberalism, nor as Mr. Gwynn imagines, because the country wanted a "policy of disarmament," but simply because, five weeks before the election, he raised the taxes bodily by 20 percent and threatened half a million officials—all voters, naturally—with the suppression of their posts, from motives of economy. If M. Herriot, who personally has some attractive characteristics, had not been blind enough not to see the danger of breaking union, and especially of breaking union in Alsace, at this time of day—if he had not weakly obeyed the 225 Masons, all atheists, of course, being French Masons, who, in the Chamber followed the colored deputy Diagne—if he had not astonished all sensible observers by what Mr. Gwynn calls his prudence or his skill—the Catholics would have supported him as they had supported his predecessors, not because they were politically this or that, but because they represented France at the worst crux of her history.

This is the truth and the core of the truth, and if anybody should feel inclined to challenge what I am saying, he would have, first of all, to answer the question—why did the Church of France not oppose the Radical Premiers who came before M. Herriot? After that, it becomes easy to answer the question—why is the Church of France now opposing M. Herriot?

Let me say, as a conclusion, in the joy of realizing that nothing succeeds like success—that the resistance of the French Catholics is entirely successful. Mr. Gwynn praises M. Herriot for "having done practically nothing that would shock the indifferent mass of the people"—it is even one of his reasons for extolling his skill and prudence: saying that you are going to apply persecuting laws and then not doing it—but in reality M. Herriot has done nothing because he has not dared. I personally should detest seeing the Church of France organized politically; but I frankly rejoice to see the Catholic citizens of France conscious at last of their numbers and possibilities. It is thanks to this consciousness and not to any statesmanship of the deplorable, unstatesmanlike Herriot, that we do not see, as we did in 1901 and the following years, the eviction of thousands of poor nuns from their convents.

And the resistance of the French Catholics is manifested in a perfectly legal manner—demonstrations which only anti-Catholic organs like L'Oeuvre or Le Quotidien, which I hope Mr. Gwynn does not trust, ever dream of calling "threats of civil strife."

In a recent pastoral, Cardinal Dubois, appealing to that "indifferent mass of the people" which Mr. Gwynn wrongly imagines ready to "regard the Church as the real disturber of the peace," pointed out to them that all the Church wants is an ambassador to defend the interests of Catholic France—liberty of teaching, freedom for the religious orders, and the right for Alsace to count on the very definite promises made to her on three or four solemn occasions. The same statements, perhaps a little over emphasized, will be found in the declaration issued by the French archbishops at the end of their yearly meeting—March 13 of the present year. These are moderate and not by any means revolutionary ambitions, and they ought to have the sympathy of all Catholics—including Mr. Gwynn, who being a journalist may have said more than he really meant—as they have the sympathy of large numbers of non-Catholics.

Winds of Erin

Wind of the Sunrise, damp and chill,
With the wail on your lips, is it longing you are
For the silks and spices of Conchubar,
And gold and jewels, and strong red wine
Of the lands you've seen beyond the still
Horizon line?

Wind of the South, from the lap of the spring,
Sure, Aengus, loving you, kissed your mouth
And your slim pale hands, mild wind o' the south:
For the breath that's on you is sweet as may,
And your voice has the note of birds that sing
At the close of day.

Wind of the Sunset, misty and cool,
Over the mountains and over the seas,
Hanging your veils on the drooping trees,
You bring a voice from the land of gold
That lures us on, as the Sidhe o' the pool
Lured Finn of old.

But, Wind o' the North, your bitter breath
Has the cry of the three great waves on its lips—
For the folk of Erin passed in their ships,
Lovers and haters, like leaves from your hand,
In their barques of dream through the mist of death
To the Happy Land.

KATE HARROWER PETERS.

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CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

By HENRY C. WATTS

DURING the month of October, 1923, there met for four days in the English city of Reading a conference to study the national and international responsibilities of the Catholic citizen. It was quite an important conference, important enough to attract visitors from the Irish Free State and the continent. But it was ignored by the English secular press which, apparently, by way of vicarious reparation, threw open its columns to the later "Copec" conference in Birmingham.

The Christian Order of Politics, Economics and Citizenship, which Copec was expected to inaugurate, got hardly farther than an orgy of militant pacifism towards the close of the conference, and the subsequent publication of a voluminous report. But the earlier Reading conference, which differed from the Copec both in its modesty and its effectiveness, resulted in something of real practical value. This is the Catholic Council for International Relations, which was inaugurated in London on Corpus Christi Day of 1924, under the chairmanship of Cardinal Bourne, and in accordance with a scheme that received the approval of the archbishops and bishops of England and Wales when it was laid before them at the episcopal conference of Easter 1924.

It would be a mistake to look upon the Catholic Council for International Relations as a separate Catholic organization brought into being to carry on a separate work. The promoters of the movement decided first of all that a new and separate organization would possibly do more harm than good. So that actually the Council is in the nature of a joint committee, composed of persons deputed by all recognized Catholic organizations, that have both the ability to influence and to give expression to considerable sections of Catholic opinion in promoting the policy of the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ. In a word, it is composed of the Catholic body working through recognized Catholic organizations, such as the Catholic Social Guild, the Catholic Stage Guild, the Catholic Education Council, the Catholic Medical Guild—to name but some of the member societies. The Council, then, represents on the one hand the English and Welsh hierarchy, and on the other, the laity working through their societies, all united to pursue a purely political end.

It is very necessary, however, that this last statement should be received with the strictest qualification. For the Catholic Council for International Relations is identified with not a single one of the three English political parties, and in that respect it is severely non-political. On the other hand, its concern is entirely with those affairs whereby nations publicly engage in their relations with other nations, and in the widest use of the term the Council is strictly political. The real conception of the term may be found in the great pastoral of Cardinal Manning, published on Saint Patrick's Day in 1867, when the then Archbishop of Westminster laid it down that the first laws of politics are a part of morals, and that the teaching and guidance in the first principles of political morality is part of the teaching office of the Church. So with perfect propriety, the Catholic Council for International Relations may be described as political.

A good deal has been published in the press about the general aims and program of the Council, which it is unnecessary to repeat here. A brief mention of some of those who are guiding this new organization is not out of place. It is a matter of the greatest importance that Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, should have consented to accept office as president of the Council. Whatever may be the point of view entertained farther afield, it is common knowledge on the continent of Europe that Cardinal Bourne is one of the most astute and really constructive statesmen of the age, although His Eminence stands severely aloof from all English political parties. The Council has for its president a churchman who has traveled widely both in Europe and the Near East; one who is the friend and confidant of kings and rulers as well as of those whom they rule; a man of sound judgment whose statesmanship is admitted even by those who do not always find it to their liking. The archbishops and bishops of England and Wales are vice-presidents by invitation; and among the executive officers are to be found Lord Morris, who has had a distinguished career as Prime Minister of Newfoundland, and Captain John Eppstein, who is honorary secretary of the Council and the chief promoter of the Reading conference whence it sprang. Men of experience and judgment are to be found on the sectional committees, which have the practical help of representatives of the law and the other learned professions. The Council is therefore representative of the entire Catholic body, including every degree of society and varying spheres of action.

It is less than a year since the Council was inaugurated, and it would be unreasonable to expect it to have made any sensational advance along practical lines. Its main work is undoubtedly to be that of the political education of Catholics in the widest sense of the word. But its executive committee has already formulated statements on the League of Nations and on the economic causes of friction between states. It has pledged itself to labor for the proper recognition of the Holy See by the League of Nations, and to protest against the unjust treatment of minorities, whose status is guaranteed by international law. This last is

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a very important feature for the Council, particularly in connection with the transferred minorities of Central Europe.

During the present year the Council is taking action in two instances, in which the practical nature of its aim will be more clearly manifest. During April a series of public meetings will be held in the diocese of Westminster, when a course of lectures on the status and position of the Papacy will be given. This will be followed in July by a summer school to be held in Oxford, when a series of talks will be given on the topic of nationality.

The Council is necessarily feeling its way, and it is more than likely that it will find its fullest sphere of action in the domain of international law. This procedure, involving as it will, considerable research and study, in conjunction with like organizations in other countries could, as the Council's secretary suggests, clear a great deal of ground for the Ecumenical Vatican Council whenever that august body resumes its labors. For it is obvious that Europe, at all events, is tending in this direction. Mr. Belloc has already said what Europe thinks about the League of Nations; the thirty and three conferences that have been held since the end of the war lead nowhere, save to more conferences; disillusion follows disillusion, and the events of the world are shaping themselves for the re-assembling of the Vatican Council and the imposition of the moral law of the nations.

The immediate work to the hand of the Catholic Council for International Relations is not only the maintenance of its members in the principles of Christian charity, but to furnish the Catholic body with a just standard of judgment by which to estimate the value of post-war developments, and enable Catholics to contribute in their own way and in their own country to the formation of a national policy based on the foundation of Christian principles. The various Catholic organizations that are members of the Council will carry out this educative program in their own way; the Council, as a unit, has for its business to instill principles and form convictions. But in the wider sphere of emphasizing the moral law of nations and the proper recognition of the exponent of that law by the responsible rulers of the nations, the Council takes in hand a wide and important survey in the provinces of history, literature, law, and politics; a field of activity in which Catholics may with the greatest propriety identify themselves with international politics.

The Council has been most scrupulous to keep within the bounds of proper authority. The inception of the Council was approved by the territorial hierarchy, and after its inauguration, Pope Pius XI, through the Cardinal Secretary of State, telegraphed to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster—"The Holy Father, delighted by the sentiments expressed by the Catholic Council for International Relations, imparts with all his heart the desired Apostolic Benediction."

INTENTIONS AND DOCTRINES

By MAURICE DE WULF

M. HERRIOT has included in his political program proposed measures which are causing ardent discussion in his own country, and which the foreigner finds it difficult to understand and to justify: for example, his plan to break off the official connections between the government and the Papacy, and to oblige monks and nuns to expatriate. In defending his doctrine before the Chambre des Députés, he constantly protests the loyalty of his intentions. These are excellent: he wishes to serve democracy, to perform a patriotic act, to exalt France.

All chiefs of governments are in the same situation, no matter with what doctrine they be identified; Lloyd George or MacDonald, Primo de Rivera or Mussolini, not to mention others, are animated by the best of intentions and there exists no reason to suspect their good faith. The leaders of Sovietism, who dream of a new state of things based on more or less extensive communism, use the same language: they also have the intention of saving Russia, and it is because they desire to be benefactors of the world that they impose on it the propaganda of their own ideas.

Did not the French revolutionaries of 1793 pretend, when they were opening by force the doors of convents, that they were working for the happiness of these poor recluses in compelling them, in spite of themselves, to enjoy the sweetness of liberty? Three-quarters of the utopians and the reformers, who are always in some way idealists, have excellent intentions—which does not prevent events from frequently taking it upon themselves to prove how excrable the application is.

It is not different if, from politics, we turn to religion. The middle-ages, an epoch of ardent faith, saw arise a thousand deviations from the Faith, which were branded as heretical. From the ninth century with Bérenger de Tours and Roscelin, until the fourteenth century with Wycliffe and John Hus, the series of reformers is continuous. Now, it is striking to see that none of them want to defy the dogma, still less destroy it, but that all of them pretend to interpret it better and to give to it a more acceptable meaning. Who would dare to say that the intentions of these men were not pure and good? God alone knows it, because He is the only one who tries the heart and searches the conscience. It is, however, incontestable that, if taken in their objective tenor, independently of

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their authors' intention, many doctrines lead to the destruction of Catholicism. Nothing is so interesting as to follow through history the efforts to which clear-sighted men have devoted themselves for their purpose of keeping back by force the disastrous consequences of the principles they themselves have enunciated. Nothing is more clearly evident than that a doctrine, once proclaimed, brings forth the whole of its consequences independently of the intentions of the one who has placed it in circulation.

Gleaning throughout the history of philosophy, it is easy to convince oneself that there, also, the intention of a man is distinct from his system. It is from having confused these two things that so many historians have contradictory judgments on one and the same personage. See what they wrote about Descartes: some say that he is a sceptic because he starts from universal doubt; others say he is a dogmatist since he wants to arrive at certainty. The first consider only the work (and they are right); the latter allow themselves to be led astray by the intentions.

Whether the question is one of politics, of religion, of philosophy, of moral and social matters, of questions of education and of protection of the weak—everywhere one must distinguish between the intentions of a man and his theories. The intentions pertain to the conscience, and it is important to ascertain them as much as possible if one wishes to penetrate the psychological temperament, to elucidate the biography, to determine the value of a personality. Doctrines are what they are, independently of the will (good or bad) of the one who professes them. They are endowed with a logic of their own; they develop themselves to their consequences like geometric theorems, without the aid of him who conceived them.

Whether we want it or not, two and two make four. Whether we want it or not, authority is indispensable to the life of a group, and whoever destroys authority with the excellent intention of rendering the life of the group more agreeable to each of its members, leads them all to an abyss. It happens that a man exclaims, facing the evidence of a disaster which he has provoked—"I did not want to do this." What does that matter? With the best of intentions one may profess the worst of doctrines. No *will* can prevent a doctrine from being what it is.

Thus it is elementary logic to judge by different standards the men and their intentions on one side, and their ideas and their actions on the other.

It is said that it is the ideas rather than men that rule the world; and this is correct. When a doctrine is once proclaimed it goes on its way immediately without the good or bad intentions of its author being able to modify it in any way. Sooner or later it brings forth the consequences it contains, more surely than the grain of wheat produces its ear. For this reason when a man delivers an idea to the public, the examination of that idea pertains to the public. He is puerile indeed who becomes irritated when contradicted, as if the contradiction were addressed to his person. Discussions about protection, divorce, the regulation of women's work and a thousand other social questions are objective controversies, and it is not different with the doctrinal interventions of the Catholic Church when it points out heretical interpretations of dogma.

But precisely because the best of intentions can be put at the service of the worst of doctrines, the attitude imposed towards persons is entirely different. It is controlled by charity, which is supposed to be based on respect for the person of others. Until the contrary is proved, said the old Roman law, every man is presumed to be good, of good faith, animated by excellent intentions. Nemo praesumitur malus nisi probatur contrarium. And that is very just. The one whose ideas we do not accept deserves consideration. His conscience deserves all respect. In the very middle of the thirteenth century, which has been so much accused of intolerance, Saint Thomas Aquinas wrote that one could not force anyone to change his religion, and the one who should become Christian would be doing wrong, if in good faith, he believed Christianity to be false. Tolerance towards individuals alone makes possible social relations between people who are divided by the great problems of morals, of religion. Thanks to this tolerance, a serene atmosphere may envelop the most ardent doctrinal discussion. If it is true that at the age of forty years a man has difficulty in changing his ideas, tolerance is alone capable of performing such a miracle. Rigor for doctrines, charity for individuals—that is the first formula governing the double attitude necessary to adopt towards the one and the other.

There is a second precept which is a complement of the first and its co-relative, in the sense that it takes up the same ideas in negative form; we must not condemn a doctrine on account of failure on the part of those who practise it. What would you say of someone who should wish to suppress the police because it happened that some policemen had abused their authority? Is not this the sophism of those who condemn the Catholic clergy because certain priests misconduct themselves? Gross sophism which takes on a thousand forms! The historian succumbs to it, when he collects with pleasure the anecdotes about the immorality or sensuality of the monks of the middle-ages—the slackness and the cupidity of the clergy at the time of Luther—in order to condemn the institution itself where such abuses can be committed. Nothing is easier than lengthening the list of scandalous facts in the Catholic Church, or any other church, because chroniclers and annalysts are in quest of extraordinary cases, and take little interest in simple lives that run normally. But nothing is more contrary to logic and to scientific criticism than rendering a doctrine responsible for the accidental strayings of those who have the mission of representing it.

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That man is a victim of the same sophism, who renounces his religious beliefs or who abstains from practising them, because the priests of his parish belong to an inferior social class, or because they belong to a race which he detests, or because they lack instruction, tact or education, or because they are rough and awkward—all very regrettable things which render a man less sympathetic with another, but which do not change for the better nor for the worse, the value of the doctrine that the man professes. He who should refuse to eat bread because the baker's face did not please him, would not be any more absurd than the one who rejects a doctrine through hate for those who adopt it.

The style of feminine clothing changes at least twice a year, and certain elegant women would believe themselves dishonored if they wore dresses dating from the preceding season. Styles in building change through the ages, and we find that old houses lack comfort. Notwithstanding the international code of propriety—which itself varies—there are, between one country and another, thousands of minor details of social life that differ. In France, it is the rule that hands may be shaken without taking off the gloves, whilst in America this would be a lack of good breeding. During the last twenty years and especially since the war, the relations between young men and young women have undergone profound transformations in European society of old Latin culture. Moreover, war has modified the human mind in the domain of business, in commercial and even intellectual relations.

To what depth does this need of change affect our modern civilization? Some say that the manner of understanding music and painting has completely changed, and we should have to believe it if the diatonic style and the cubism of some advanced souls represented the aesthetic formula of the future. Science itself would not escape the law of change. Explanations are followed by explanations, hypotheses by hypotheses, and according to a famous saying, human knowledge would be a "necropolis of hypotheses." As regards the old precepts of honesty and private, public and international morality, they also would be drawn into the fatal evolution of the idea of honesty. Everything is declared to be relative to everything else, movable, fluent. Human relativity is related to the cosmic relativity, to which Einstein has given his name.

The theory is not a new one. Since Heraclitus twenty-four centuries ago, established a system according to which everything passes, the present moment has no connection with the past moment, and it is not possible to bathe twice in the waters of the same river. Theorists of "relativity" appear periodically. Today the fascination exerted by this conception of things is more formidable than ever before. A school called sociological of which Mr. Durkheim, who died a few years ago, enunciated the leading principles, makes all moral, social, artistic, religious values depend on the judgment of a group. Whatever a group declares good and beautiful at any given moment of history is true, good and beautiful. The Spartans considered that it was a good thing to suppress deformed children. Today there are international groups being organized for their protection. It results from this, that moral, social and artistic values change with taste, time and place—and that the moral, social, and artistic judgments of former times have now only a documentary interest. We can see at once what Christianity would become under a similar system: it has been true, it has rendered service during the middle-ages. Today it has no more reason to exist, because the majority of men do not want any more of it.

American pragmatism, English humanism, which have gained so much success during the past quarter of a century, make moral, social, artistic, religious value depend on utility; on the point of knowing "if it works, if it pays," and reaffirm more or less the conclusions of this sociological school. In novels and in short stories, in theatres and in public lectures, in books and in university courses, it is repeated in every variety of tone that the old precepts of conduct, the old religious beliefs have no longer any "relevance;" that our modern societies no longer find them profitable; that they must be replaced as one replaces a worn-out garment.

This absolute relativity is one of the greatest errors and one of the most dangerous utopias of the present time. Without doubt there exists change and adaptation in every field. Change is the law of every living thing, and its condition of progress—vita in motu. But throughout the changing there remains something permanent, something fixed, on which the change rests; as in embroidery there is a canvas on which the artist's hand traces his chosen design. To express things in the simplest way: who would dare pretend that two plus two did not always make four—or that in the near future, two plus two will make five—to the great joy of creditors and to the consternation of debtors? In another order of ideas, have Greek statuary, Gothic architecture, renaissance painting, all lost their beauty for the sole reason that they belong to another time? All lovers of the beautiful, would rise against such ridiculous pretensions. The masterpieces of art possess in themselves eternal youth; time does not age them; it passes over them, enriching them with remembrances. It is thus with honesty. Fidelity to the given word, respect due to father and mother, are eternal laws which are inscribed in the depths of human conscience, and of which the heroes of Sophocles invoke the authority as we do in this twentieth century.

Let no one condemn Christianity because of the sole fact that this religion has defied centuries and traces its origin to far off ages. It is worth today what it was worth formerly. If 2,000 years ago Christianity possessed guarantees of Divine authenticity (and that is a question which is not treated here) it is as true today as it was on the day of its foundation—and time will not tarnish this truth.

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MODERN MARRIAGE—ITS PROBLEMS

X. THE PSYCHOLOGIST'S VIEW OF MARRIAGE

By JULES BOIS

APPLIED psychology, if it is to deserve its name, concerns marriage, which is essentially the occasion to apply our knowledge of the soul, for marriage is a crucial element in destiny, and the decisive event involving the individual with society, whose unit is, as a matter of fact, the pair.

Although we do not believe it generally, we have ourselves deliberately chosen the marriage which brings us happiness or suffering. Following this inner star, which is a combination of chance and temper, we wed the person whom our propensities of the moment, much more than circumstances, incite us to select. According to the latest psychology, the human being, though fundamentally one, assumes three aspects—the conscious, the subconscious, and the superconscious. Therefore, summarily speaking, there are three kinds of matrimony. Our choice is dictated by the state in which we live the most, whether it be the conscious, the subconscious, or the superconscious.

The conscious corresponds to the hours of our "best attention to life," as Bergson put it, when we are in possession of our ordinary, normal faculties. The subconscious, as is well known, includes our instincts, our impulses, and the libido. With the help of our superconscious faculties, however, we ascend the mountains of inspiration, sacrifice, and spiritual love.

I surmise that in the past, before the era of divorce, marriage dealt above all with the conscious self; it had a practical object, and therefore exacted a price of concession and renunciation, which was usually paid by the woman. This bargain was never perfect; still, it permitted society to live and sometimes to prosper. Today, thanks to what is strangely called "the new morality," marriage has rather encroached upon the domain of the subconscious, searching for its support in instinct, enjoyment, physical attraction, and thus growing precarious and easily dissolved.

In order to react against and dam the flood of divorce, and restore human happiness and dignity, there is a group of psychologists who propose an appeal to the reserve forces of the soul—to our superconscious power which, combined with conscious positiveness, could rebuild marriage with more stability and efficiency, according to a greater spirit of justice and fairness between the two sexes.

If I were asked to give a few instances of what use the superconscious may be in marriage, I would briefly offer at random two among many—the first, a preventive against ill-matched unions, and the second an antidote to ameliorate conjugal difficulties.

In applied psychology we believe that one of the most valuable mental processes and yet one almost entirely overlooked in the rush of business and pleasure, is meditation. Modern marriage is often undertaken in haste and without sufficient reflection. Universally useful, meditation ought to serve also as a training of the mind to avoid undesirable unions and to achieve a successful matrimony. The Church has initiated the custom of retreats which are, as it were, islets of recollection and silence in the midst of the storm-tossed sea of the world. Retiring into ourselves we sharpen anew our judgment and give freer play to our will. The inner voice is stifled by the noise of great cities and the tumult engendered by our desires, irritations and false diversions. When we are in the mood or on the verge of marriage why not make a retreat before taking the decisive step? That is the moment or never. This sweet and solemn atmosphere may prepare us for eliminating temptations or mirages, discriminatingly choosing and organizing an association, which, even from the human viewpoint, is too important not to have something sacred in it.

As for wedlock, unhappy by incompatibilities of temper, the superconscious may help us wonderfully if we have the courage to induce within us a state of psychical and intellectual "euphoria." Euphoria does not imply perfect happiness and peace, which are seldom of this world, nor an obdurate indifference which is not desirable. We mean by "euphoria" a capacity for facing any emergency, and bearing "all the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Euphoria is neither dullness nor apathy, but a virile disposition to originate inexhaustibly in ourselves serene currents of confidence, happy expectation and charity for others. Marcus Aurelius called it equanimity.

Contrary feelings like backbiting, nagging, discouragement, chronic scepticism, mockery, poison us and create a distressing atmosphere, making others unbearable to us, and ourselves insupportable to them. Psychical euphoria places us above the turmoil of miseries, whether they come from the outside, forcing the door of our sensibilities, or are the spontaneous outgrowth of our own temper. According to the counsel of experts like William James, or Frederic W. H. Myers, or even of naturalists of good faith, we advise in order to reach the state of euphoria, not only the exercise of will power, which is indispensable, but a kind of panacea, which may appear strange from the pen of a scientist, for it has been until now, reserved for religion—being its essence; I mean prayer.

William James, although not a practising Christian, strongly advocated prayer. Prayer, he hinted, is a

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demulcent for the hardships of life; it can smooth over asperities of temper, especially if we bring patience to its aid. Prayer, most efficacious in mind-cure, acts not only on the mind of the one who prays, but also on the mind of the one for whom we pray. Prayer for the believer is omnipotent; for the psychologist limiting himself to his own department, prayer is an inexhaustible source of good suggestions and auto-suggestion; furthermore, it arouses the telepathic gifts with their distant radiations; it starts a new psychical milieu; it cleanses our mental atmosphere of reproaches, uneasiness, resentments, bad humor and contradictions. It unconsciously influences others. "The fundamental point," declares William James, "is that in prayer, spiritual energy, which otherwise would slumber, does become active, and spiritual work of some kind is effected really."

What pleasure will a man have, or a woman, in maintaining an attitude of hostility toward his or her mate, when the other remains calm, patient, collected, and even silent, with an underlying current of benevolent thoughts and kindly feeling? "It takes two to make a quarrel." The opponent will yield or depart. Perhaps, after a certain span of time, a mutation in the rash temper will be achieved, regret and remorse accomplishing their work of reconciliation; at any rate, this system is better than contest and rebuke.

Certain trials of life, on the other hand, when met with fortitude, become instrumentalities for purifying and uplifting our nature. The classical example of Socrates is famous. He said that but for the persecutions which Xantippe inflicted upon him at home, he would never have become a teacher of Plato in the open air. I have known modern husbands or wives who also turned unpleasant family conditions to profit. Sometimes a bad marriage accepted bravely, instead of leading to the divorce court, may be, for the fine souls, a means of spiritual evolution, and for the wise or the half-wise, an unforeseen school of practical philosophy.

But let us come back to every day life. Marriage cannot endure and escape the divorce which menaces it, unless it is an act not depending exclusively on the senses. Those who marry must be mutually attracted —but that alone is not sufficient. It is necessary that their souls should be drawn to each other. First characters, then sensibilities; first inner aspirations, then personal tastes.

Formerly there were too many marriages of convenience; today there are too many marriages through lack of reflection, through impulse—too many unions based on caprice, whim, momentary and subconscious attraction. The qualities which are lasting and develop with use are to be considered first. It is not a concubine that a man should choose to marry, nor should the young girl seek there a liberation from the constraints imposed upon her by her family (although these are much less onerous today than formerly), but both should select a companion, with whom they have to live a life-time—in joy and sorrow—and, hand in hand, turn this life into a victory. Thus the children, from the earliest years, will learn from the example before them to respect the union of which they are the fruits and to found in their turn a similar family.

Since I am a Frenchman, may I be permitted to remark that with us divorce is rather the special phenomenon of Parisian cosmopolitan society and of those persons who in every great city are inclined to imitate its manners—wishing to be, as they say, "à la mode." The great majority of married people in France do not resort to divorce, which is quite difficult and expensive with us. This does not mean that all these families are perfectly happy; but those who are not in complete concord endeavor to stay together by means of mutual concession. Here I am pleased to render homage to our women who most often are able, by their patience and silent virtues, to afford to the family and thus to society that support without which anarchy begins and nations degenerate. One must also give due credit to Catholicism, whose system has been impressed upon us for centuries.

America has been the first to notice that in France, especially among the petits bourgeois, workers and small merchants who form the bulk of the nation, there exists a certain unity, a spirit of daily coöperation. A bon ménage is one in which husband and wife have the least to conceal from each other, in which the woman as well as the husband has her say under all circumstances, in which the interests, social relations, labors and diversions are the same. With us, neither the husband nor the wife of the middle-class seeks refuge in the club to escape from monotony. . . . Generally the woman is associated with the occupation of the man; she is the cashier in the store, the secretary of the writer; she does not merely benefit by the position of the man, she contributes to it—sometimes she creates it. I have noted elsewhere what discreet and efficient assistance the Frenchwoman supplies to social and political movements of the nation. Our civilization is bi-cephalous, or rather it has two hearts—one masculine, the other feminine—which does not prevent us also from having women of genius economically independent and capable of individual creation.

The first of our great department stores, the Bon Marché was founded by Madame Veuve Boucicault. To the nineteenth century we have given the greatest mathematician, Sophie Germain; her calculations made possible the erection of the Eifel Tower, and, what is less known, are responsible for the construction of those skyscrapers of which America is justly proud.

This constant coöperation is, in my view, one of the most important means of maintaining a conjugal harmony. How would it be possible to separate that which life is incessantly rebinding? Great crises may come, the inevitable tragedies in the most peaceful lives. No matter, the link is forged in the very souls, and sometimes death itself will not be able to break it.

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THE FORBIDDEN DISCIPLE

By HELEN WALKER

THERE was a tale whose echoes murmured down the centuries, having passed from mouth to mouth, from grandsire to grandson, among the folk who dwelt in Nazareth and Jerusalem and Galilee and all that country wherein He walked and taught. As the years died noiselessly, it grew fainter and fainter, until, passing away in a breath, it became the possession only of the trees that grow on the Mount of Olives, who have long whispered it to one another at nights—and at length it was from them that I heard it.

And hearing it, I knew that it was not new to me—that I had known it from my birth, though not knowing it—and that even as it haunted my heart, so must it have haunted the hearts of men since that troubled Friday when He died the death of man, to be born God again.

The tale is this. One Philip, son of Phanuel of Aser, who tilled his own field (to which he had fallen heir on the death of his father) by dint of earnest labor was able to extend his possessions to include that field which lay back of his father's, and the one that lay beyond as well, that was really a gentle hillside and grateful for planting. These he sowed and reaped, carrying what they yielded him by donkey to Jerusalem—where he sold it in the market place.

It was said that his wife, Martha of the gentle brown eyes, had done much toward helping him reap his plentiful harvests, and that the joy was deep in her heart when she brought forth a sturdy son—knowing that Philip desired an heir to his property, to whom he could teach the work of husbandman.

The babe was christened Anam, and from his advent a ray of sunshine lay athwart the threshold of Philip and Martha and cast its warmth up into their hearts. Meanwhile the child reached sturdy boyhood, and each day leaving early for the fields with his father, to Philip's delight he quickly learned the secrets of the soil. And Philip dreamed of the time when he and Anam, after cautious work, should extend his fields up to the crest of the hill and down the other slope again, where the land was enriched by the water of a clear stream.

It was then that a fever, raging in pestilential fury within the crowded city of Jerusalem, swept beyond its gates and into the village where Martha and Philip dwelt. It flecked the aged lightly, but swept away the children and babes, who sickened and died like the eager blossoms of the first springtide when the north wind finds them out. Anam tossed on his bed for three days and three nights, and at length closed his clear eyes and lay still. When Philip and Martha buried him, they did not leave him alone, for the earth fell too on his mother's heart and his father's hopes.

With the waning of the winter months Martha was with child again—and long and earnestly she and Philip prayed for another son—as strong as Anam, though they knew none could ever be as beautiful. Month by month they waited to welcome him, and then, one grey day when September had melted into October, he came. But the glad cry singing from their hearts was stilled when they saw one tiny limb. For it was not a limb—only a shriveled piece of flesh.

Then they knew that David (for so they had resolved to call him) would never walk after the plow beside his father, as Anam had done before him. And from that day forth a dark shadow lay athwart the threshold of Philip and Martha and cast its chill up into their hearts.

Tenderly Martha cared for the babe that would never walk, and in paleness he grew to little boyhood—but because he lay helpless his mother must be with him constantly, and Philip must forego much of Martha's help.

It was at this time that He of Nazareth was teaching and healing in the country thereabouts, and rumors of Him passed over the threshold of the little house on which lay the grey shadow, and filled the minds and souls of Philip and Martha with something between a great curiosity—and a great fear—and a great hope. Could these marvels be true? Whence came such a Great One? And they were perplexed.

Then, one day when Philip was ploughing a fresh furrow in the field that lay along the winding road, a murmur of treading feet reached his ears, and lifting his eyes from the plow, he saw a great multitude on the road faring toward him.

Who could they be? Surely not soldiers, for it was midday, and the shining sun awoke no responding gleam on helmet or spear. If not a company of soldiers—what?—Could it be the Teacher of Nazareth? And Philip hastened to the house to tell Martha. But already she was at the door, one hand over her eyes, straining to see what it all might be. Behind her piped the eager voice of David from his pallet—"Beloved Mother—what is it?"

As the great crowd drew nearer, Martha and Philip could see that they moved on all sides about a central figure. Closer and closer they came—a straggling, ragged, straying, strangely silent procession. Martha, searching the eyes of the foremost, thought that the souls in them had the look of great hunger that had found appeasement. A silent multitude—but no, there was one voice—a voice and yet not a voice—it was the May wind among the white blossoms of the cherry trees in the spring—it was the sound that the brook sang in the moonlight, rippling on its silver bed. It

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was the lark greeting a dawn of roses—it was all of these, and a human voice as well—and oh, the gentleness of it!

Eagerly Martha and Philip pressed forward to the edge of the road. In front of their cottage, the multitude, swaying for an instant, fluttered—and then stopped. Someone in the centre had paused. Then the crowd parted, and they beheld Him.

If it were given to know what the first glimpse of golden sunlight seems to one long blind whose sight has suddenly been restored, perhaps one might have some idea of what Martha and Philip felt on beholding that face. Gently the eyes lingered on each of them in turn—and Philip, with one long look, never turning away his face, silently slipped into the midst of the throng. Martha, with a woman's cry, pressed her way to His feet.

"Master, my little son lies within, a cripple from birth. I pray Thee, heal him."

And Jesus, placing His hand upon the velvet tresses, said—

"It is not yet time, Martha."

Then Martha found herself alone on the roadside, listening to the benediction of peace in her heart, while far down the road the multitude melted up the hill and into the sky. Philip was with them. . . .

Later, as she ministered to small David, preparing and carrying him his evening meal, he asking her eager questions the while about the Nazarene, His words sang themselves through her heart—"It is not yet time, Martha." . . .

There was a promise in those words; and motherhood knew nothing, if it knew not patience. Far away, on the other side of the hill, a voice that was a voice and yet not a voice, was saying—

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land . . . Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." . . .

And Philip sat at His feet.

Martha, going about her duties, was not troubled at his absence, and when he returned next day, she wondered at the exultation shining in his eyes. Eagerly she plied him with questions.

"I besought Him to allow me to give up all, and follow Him, and He bade me return to you."

Now it was as though Philip had tasted of a strange joy, for more of which his spirit was feverish. He could neither work nor rest, but always his eyes sought the far road down which the tattered multitude had fluttered. And at length, unable longer to forego his desire, he cast aside his plow, and prepared as for a journey.

Martha, knowing the soul of him as she did, and searching his eyes, protested not but bore his eager farewells silently.

Outside, the fig tree whose leaves brushed the door, whispered in the breath of the evening—"It is not yet time, Martha,"—and she was comforted. . . .

It was, perhaps, a year later that some fishermen, gathered near their boats at a spot on the shores of Galilee, saw approaching in the grey light of early dawn, a weary figure, staff in hand, dusty and stained as from a long journey. A strange time for travelers to be abroad, they thought—these men who began their work each day while the rest of the world lay asleep. So, when the stranger drew near one of the boats and paused as though to address its owner, other men, busy with tackle and net nearby, dropped their work and bent forward to listen.

"I seek the great Teacher of Nazareth—Him whom they call Jesus.—Has He perchance passed this way?"

"Aye," replied the master of the sloop, "but three days hence. And when He left here, Simon Bar-Jona, one of our comrades, threw down his nets and went with Him."

The tired eyes of the traveler widened suddenly, eagerly. Then with trembling voice—

"Which way went He? Oh, I pray thee, do not make sport of me, but answer me true—which way went He?"

"He took the road to Samaria," replied the astonished fisherman, "and there you will doubtless find Him. But why, Stranger, do you ask us not to make sport of you? We are honest, sober toilers, and it is the custom of our land to treat with courtesy all those who travel to our shores, and to direct them faithfully."

"Nay, so it has been said to me many times before," sighed the traveler, leaning on his staff. "But each time I follow the road directed by fair-spoken men. Instead of leading me to the Master, it carries me far away from Him, so that for long months I have walked, seeking Him, following first this rumor, then again that, and never finding Him." The weary eyes grew moist.

"But it is indeed a pity that you have met with such dishonest treatment, Stranger," said the fisherman warmly. "I swear that no such discourtesy will you find in Galilee."

"I thank you, Sir. And now, which way say you that He passed? Into Chaldea?"

"Nay, into Samaria."

"Then I must again be on my way, and a benediction upon you for your honest counsel. And if I should miss Him again and He should come this way, tell Him that Philip passed, seeking Him."

"Aye, gladly."

With a gesture of farewell the stranger turned his back to the sea and walked toward the sandy path, a little way up which two roads, one leading into Samaria, the other into far away Chaldea, converged.

The fishermen watched the bent figure curiously, for the gaunt traveler had stirred something of sympathy and pity within them. And as they watched, they saw him go wearily up the path and reach the cross-roads. Hesitating an instant, he turned into the road to Chaldea. He who had addressed the man turned quickly

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to the tall figure of his son and bade him run and overtake the stranger and set him on the road to Samaria. The youth was gone in an instant, and once more the fishermen took up their interrupted tasks. When they were ready to push out their boats, the lad returned breathless.

"Did you set the traveler on the right road?" asked his father.

"Alas," replied the son, "I tried to; yet while he stopped and listened seriously to me, it was as though he did not hear me, for he paid no heed. 'Are you the son of him who but now so kindly directed me?' he asked. 'Yea,' I answered. He put his hand on my arm and looked into my eyes, saying: 'I had a son, who, had he but lived, would now touch shoulders with you.' And then he moved as though to go on. Again I told him that the road to Samaria lay the other way, but he only shook his head sadly, and with a strange look in his eyes, passed on toward Chaldea."

The men glanced from one to another significantly. Then thoughtfully they put out to sea. . .

In the months that followed, a strange story passed from mouth to mouth in all that country, until at length it became a familiar tale—that of the madman who sought Christ. It was related that he had passed through every hamlet, town, and village, taking scant rest by the roadsides, eating only what pitying folk gave him—ragged, weary, ill—yet bending forward always on his feverish quest.

At first, to his eager demand, men directed him honestly to where they knew the Nazarene was teaching, until at length they grew weary, and answered him not at all, or told him gruffly to begone. Others, less kindly, replied in taunts and jests, purposely sending him down blind roads and lanes, or on circular routes that led him back to them, finding mirth in the witless vagabond. Boys followed him with stones—housewives slammed and barred their doors when they saw him coming, shuddering with fear of the devil, of which they said he was possessed.

I know not how much later it was that Philip, one day at the fall of evening, trudged slowly through the gates of Jerusalem. The busy murmur of the streets was quieting, the market venders were packing up their unsold wares, and lamps were beginning to shine from open doorways. Soft stars expanded in a deep, peaceful sky.

Philip sought a group of men who had driven their horses and donkeys to the public well, there drawing up water to give the tired beasts. As he approached, the talk among them died down, for well they knew the weary figure, and the question he would ask. But something in the peace of the evening had overspread their souls with kindness—therefore they laughed not.

"Will you tell me, Sirs, if you know aught of Jesus of Nazareth, and whether He has passed this way?"

One among them went up to him, and putting his hand on his shoulder, as though he would try by earnestness to make the madman understand, replied—

"Yea, He is stopping without the city gates at the house of Lazarus."

"He has gone again into Galilee, you say?" And sadly Philip turned away.

He had walked many miles since dawn, and rested little, nor eaten—and he was tired. Therefore he witted not whence he was going, but stumbled on with bent head, murmuring to himself—

"If I follow Him into Galilee, I shall not find Him."

And then all at once he dropped with fatigue, and lay prostrate, and hot tears poured down the weather-beaten face, buried in weary arms.

It was then that suddenly, above him, sounded a voice that was yet not a voice—rather the May wind among the white blossoms of the cherry trees in the spring—the sound of the brook rippling on its silver bed.

"Again I say to thee, go home, Philip—to Martha."

And Philip, with great joy and wonderment at hearing that voice again, started up. There was no one there. But what was stranger still, a cloud seemed to lift from his brain, and he felt a sudden clearing away of the numbness that had long held it. Wondering, he looked all about him; and then he saw that he had fallen on the steps of the great Temple. He sprang up with the alertness of a youth, and pulling his tattered cloak about him, hastened out of the city, and down the road.

And when at length, after great haste, breathless he reached the familiar doorway and peered eagerly in—he stopped in amazement at the beauty of the golden light that came from no lamp, yet flooded the humble cottage. His eyes, with the darkness of the night still upon them, were dazzled—but as he stood there, his hand on the latch, the light mellowed and softened—and then in its glow he beheld Jesus, and Martha at His feet.

With a cry Philip ran, and, his arms about Martha, knelt at those feet too, not daring to look up. But the voice said—

"Thou shoulds't have sought Me here, Philip. Martha was as hungry as thou for My words, but she could not leave David. . . . Nay, I bade thee stay here."

Philip could not answer for the tears and the joy that choked him while Martha buried her head deeper in the shoulder that had somehow thrown off the weight of many years, and was young again. . . .

And I know not how this may be, yet the tale runs that the years that Philip had wandered were as nothing, and that they fell from him like a dream, and that he returned in the month of May, which was the time he had gone away, and that Martha's hair was still the same velvet black, and that small David no longer was crippled, but walked as sturdily as Anam had before him. I know not how such things might be, but so the tale is whispered by the trees on the Mount of Olives.

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CULTURE IS ON THE TOWN

By MARY A. JORDAN

CULTURE is on the town—but there are no parish settlements or statutes to dispose of its sturdy beggars, vagabonds, and vagrants. There are persons now living, not senile, who remember the little red school house with grateful affection and regret of sorts. Their memory runs back to a time before the graded schools were, or an army of salaried inspectors and superintendents—when the idea of standardization had not dawned on the academic world, and when there were fewer laws about enforced school attendance and fewer untaught children.

Things have changed while these persons have lived and watched and, in some cases, have taught under the changed conditions. For it is matter for gratitude that so much real work can be done between the meshes of even the closest human system. Reviewing our system of education in terms of its results, the verdict is one, at best, of the Scotch variety—the worst may not be true, but the best has not been accomplished. There is a sense of disappointment voiced by students, parents, patrons, and officials—perhaps most keenly felt by teachers themselves—who hear with dismay the chorus of criticism, while the national machine functions more and more elaborately and intricately, and plans are being made for introducing it into the federal system itself.

Where the results are most unsatisfactory, the remedy proposed is likely to be more and more machinery of the same sort. The method seems perilously like attacking smallpox by trying to exhaust the disease by the number of victims having it. One does not have to accept all the premises or the conclusions of Upton Sinclair to feel that there is something out of drawing in this Babylon that we have builded, if its hanging gardens do not bear fruit or flowers, and if the paths and pleasances are not frequented. It seems generally admitted that at present men, women, and children, are turning their attention away from what they have been taught, or refusing to be taught.

That Tennyson in 1842 declared—"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," is cited as evidence of his hopeless conservatism, mid-Victorianism and Philistinism. Cathays are being brought to our very doors and the standards of their natives' personal walk and conversation imposed upon us in fiction and poetry as essential art. Then there is the underworld of civilization which once was equated with King Arthur's Hethenesse, to be conquered by noble effort and always to be viewed as something alien and malign. Now it is an annex to our adventure, an El Dorado of experience for the true artist.

But it is the effort, the discipline, of the vicissitudes of virtues that make them unpopular. If they were irresponsible, mere kaleidoscopic changes of one thing for another, there would be little or no objection to them, indeed they might even be useful as material; but as means to the end of ordered living, of spiritual peace, they are to be despised and rejected. Ordered living is dull and artificial; spiritual peace is eventless.

It seems that while the doctors are in doubt whether their efforts spell progress or pother, the patients have given up the prescriptions, the exercises, and the diets, and have taken to the fields, the road, and the jungle. They have elected to find out for themselves and applaud one another. They say brave things about the beauty of ugliness and the respect due to catastrophe and noise—but they do not give the impression of being happy folk. The old beggars of the earlier times were jolly in spite of their hunger and rags—particularly their rags. The spiritual beggars and vagrants of our day begin by declaring the beauty of rags, nakedness, and indigestion.

It is hard to see why they stress these details. They have always been part of human life and as such have had their full share of attention from thinkers and artists, but always as something to which the attention was only partly dedicated. The real aim was, as Matthew Arnold put it, to see life clearly and to see it whole. Suppose, however, that the aim is to feel life, instead of seeing it—certainly it is important that the sensibility should be completely enough developed to take it all in. A strong conviction of the importance of being at loose ends, of having no sense of contraries, of being more interested in thrills than in experience, can hardly in the long run advance a person in the art of living. If these vagrants were happy we might forgive them for being intellectual nuisances and getting in the way of clear thinking. They are unwilling, of course, to accept good taste as anything but an outworn corset, they turn the accepted meanings of English words upside down and inside out, and above all they try to make it appear, not only that things are not what they seem, but that most things are not things at all, but disguises for horrors.

It is only in our time that "an eternal thirst for simplicity" has been published as a "handicap" to "the human mind in its progress toward light and knowledge," that the rarity of "a delight in the richness of chaos, the possibilities of variety, the solidity of the inexplicable" has been deplored. The Greeks knew about variety, and Aristotle treated it with respect and admiration. The early Christians adored the inexplicable and went to the lions in its defense. But chaos was Greek to the Greeks, and the house of the devils to Christians. It might be made a thing of beauty for the Greeks, it might be redeemed for the Christians,

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but delightful, in and of itself—no. This discovery has been reserved for the critics and artists of our public-schooled age. Yet art itself, for all this latitude, is in a bad way. The critic already quoted laments—

> The inclination toward simplicity is almost irresistible, and few minds, once started down that incline, do not end at the bottom in a heap of beautiful theories, explanations, arrangements; disastrous, cosmic blueprints. Many of our best intelligences are occupied solely in bending universal chaos to their private will for order. Life without explanations is unbearable, and so nearly everything is somehow explained. The explanations have gradually become more and more complicated, but most of them still represent a victory of the instinct for simplifying over the truth.

The little red school house had its shortcomings, but its simple-minded graduates were never guilty of anything like this. They had been trained for character, and they knew it. To them there was no secret about the greater good. It was a tolerant method—there was the slow learner and the quick one, and the kind that never came into his own until the season of reviews. Through it all, the scholars were taught, and it was surprising what was accomplished without specialization, without departments, without a uniform time table of scientific units of academic value. The product was men and women capable of being practical without being hidebound, and quite aware of the mysterious forces about them, some of which they were using.

The education thus begun went on in an organic, though often unsystematic fashion. William Dean Howells, with his unconquerable hope and much hated optimism, escaped all the neurosthenic woes and æsthetic hysteria that he, by expert estimate, ought to have had in the interests of great art.

The day of the little red school house is gone. It is the hour of the expert specialist in education. The child, the youth, the research student—each and all are in the hands of officials as independent and as unrelated to each other as the clerks in a department store. The result is disaster.

A. R. Orage, writing on New Standards in Art and Literature in the February Atlantic Monthly, says—"Everywhere the rumor runs that art is dead; not too loud a rumor, lest the world lose hope; but sufficiently loud to be plainly heard, and uttered with more anxiety than is compatible with doubt of its veracity. . . . Art cannot save art; and still less, when artists have failed art, can critics save it."

In reply to his own question whether the case is hopeless and culture irrevocably doomed, this writer suggests a remedy in a masterpiece of ancient Indian literature. Study of the Mahabharata, in the translation of the English Academy of Literature, may be counted upon to bring about a renaissance as vital and vivifying as that of the discovery of the classical sources of intellectual supply for the art of the middle-ages. This might be practicable for individual sufferers, but for a stricken generation wandering from door to door, living on broken bits and cold bites under the impression that they are feasting on cates and delicates, this would hardly serve. At best they would understand that new chairs were to be established, more courses offered and more watertight examinations required. Even a mammoth masterpiece, with all forms of literary art exhibited within its limits, and inspired by the genius of a single author, would be only one more curiosa felicitas—not the power house of intellectual force desired. Under the influence of his faith that philosophy is dead and his dark suspicion that religion is moribund, the critic already cited takes refuge in India as "our most ancient parent, our oldest racial ancestor, our Adam and Eve."

But the situation is not fairly described. Neither religion nor philosophy is dead. An unfortunate twist in education has divorced them from practical training and alienated them from each other. Much has been diverted, much has been deprived of its best results; but the great central forces are not destroyed—the satisfaction alike of the "thirst for simplicity" and the urge to deal with chaos. Fortunately, faith in them and in their blessed coöperation has never entirely perished from the earth, but the connection has been poor, interrupted, and indistinct. Review of the past of educational efforts shows clearly that the best results, allowing for much waste and shortage, came from work done under the aim for coördination.

There is a long neglected example of this aim that should be restored to influence and applied for the impetus so much needed in our vagrant living and thinking. The great philosophic work of Saint Thomas Aquinas is the sanest and most gallant effort for the reconstruction of scattered human powers into working success. It is not necessary to accept the material studied as his one object; Saint Thomas did not do that himself; his method is the exemplary thing. Contact with it is both curative and tonic. The attention of teachers to it must result in greater liberality to the aspects of life and thought that must be reconciled, and whose reconciliation is a charter of free citizenship in the spiritual republic. Whether in Latin or in translation, there is as much to beguile and reward the student as can be found in the involved or involuted phantasies of modern English literature, or in the miseries of Russian and French analysts and stylists. For teachers there is a surprisingly up-to-date guide through their darkest continents. Before we despair of the world and its worldlings, let us try what a thorough-going application of Aquinas in our teaching and in our disciplinary methods will do. Under his practical and constructive influence the petty Bolshevism of our vagrant living and thinking would certainly tend to disappear, and gradually restitution would be made for the much-missed and little-mourned loss of the Westminster Shorter Catechism, Colburn's Mental Arithmetic, and for a partition of Aristotle as tragic as that of Poland.

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POEMS

The Anchor

"Saint Peter, we have seen thee hanging stark,
Arms out, at death, as if embracing Rome.
Oh, dost thou think thus head-down in the dark
To set more sure thy feet in heaven's dome?
Or hast thou dived to seek thy fishing-bark
Which sank, perchance, in the sea in a whirl of foam?"

"My ship has swept this night to the capitol!
Its riding-light in the topmost sky is set.
The ripples that brim from its bow majestical
Have rounded the world and at the nadir met."
"O Peter, Peter, make haste that its anchor fall,
For thy ship must stay, though fierce are the tempests yet."

"I am the anchor. Deep in the sea am I—
Deep in the agony and deep in pain,
Deep in the vertigo, my feet on high,
Mine arms outstretched. No anchor e'er has ta'en
So firm a hold on earth as I that die,
An anchor shaped like a cross holds not in vain."

DANIEL SARGENT.

The Boy Christ

Exquisite face that agony must tear,
Exquisite flesh that scarlet blood must stain,
Hide, hide, while yet the rabble does not dare
To visit You with implements of pain!
Pale, lovely hair, shrink from the candid touch
Of friend and enemy, for both will be
With those who do not love You overmuch,
Upon the crowded hill at Calvary.

Brave eyes that choose unworthy men to bless,
Nor seek their gratitude, now turn away,
And learn to love Your precious loneliness.
Kind hands, be more reserved, and do not lay
Yourselves upon less loving hands that will
Not fail to strike You on that shameful hill.

HELENE MULLINS.

Remembrance

Who drenched the orient sky with gold,
And made me lien to its horde?
I did not ask my lips to mold
Speech for the unrememb'ranced Lord!

But one lone bird that lurked along
The darkened bracken's burnished brim,
Piped of its rapture such a song
As stirred the slighted soul of Him.

EMILE KESSLER.

The Treasure

See where beneath their jagged spears
Advancing come the mordant years,
The years that claim as rightful loot
The crimson rose, the golden fruit
Of these, our lives; that sweep aside
The trappings of our armored pride,
And leave for all they take away
A vesper song—a veil of grey.

Yet, though it spite their churlish will,
One thing from them withhold thou still
With all thy might of heart and mind—
The fount of wonder heaven-enshrined
Within thy breast—for therein lies
All that earth keeps of Paradise:
God's laughter smiting down time's bars—
A child's faith harnessing the stars.

ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

Sing Thou, My Soul

The black night came down in rain and wrath and storm,
Men lifted from a cross a broken Form;
Dawn came with song and sun—Sing thou, my Soul!—
Rose, radiant, from the tomb the Christ made whole.

Mine eyes and yours have seen joy bound and slain,
Your eyes and mine shall see joy rise again;
To each his Easter day when Love shall rise
With the same outstretched hands and the same eyes.

Some while they live shall see, even as those
Who wept beneath a cross at the day's close;
Some eyes Lord Death must seal ere yet they see—
Sing thou, my Soul—Love's face—yet this shall be!

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

Good Friday

Tonight He died upon the cross,
Pierced are his hands and side . . .
(Why is the moon so blanched with fear?)
Whom have they crucified?

Tonight He bleeds upon the cross—
He spoke not, but He sighed . . .
(A wind is curling through the grass—)
Whom have they crucified?

Tonight the Christ is on the cross,
They wept not when He died,
But yet they loved Him whom they stoned—
Christ whom they crucified!

HERBERT GERHARD BRUNCKEN.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Blue Peter

ONE more group of producers has followed the example of the Theatre Guild, The Actors' Theatre and others by taking a moderate sized theatre and planning a season of productions for which it seeks annual membership subscriptions. This new group is called The Stagers, and includes on its play committee such well known names as Don Marquis, Deems Taylor and Margaret Wycherly, with Edward Goodman as director. All this is quite promising, but I confess to some bewilderment at The Stagers's announcement of what they hope to do. One part is clear enough, namely, to "develop the best ensemble and individual acting by means of a permanent company." Much of our current acting talent sadly needs thorough baking in such an oven. But what of the intention to "produce the best available plays for audiences of adult intelligence"?

Is this one more euphemism for sophistication? Somehow it smacks of a disturbing lack of simplicity, of that deliberate and conscious striving for profundity which so often ends in a turmoil of confused ideas. There is much in the decoration of the Fifty-Second Street Theatre to further this impression—a self-conscious artistry, odd colors, red-shaded lights—to which is added a grey program printed in purple ink. Yet even such revealing symptoms may be lived down in time, and it is certain that The Stagers have much excellent material to work with. Many more groups of this sort are needed to foster a more intelligent interest in serious dramatic art. The Stagers deserve a sincere welcome.

Their first production is The Blue Peter by E. Temple Thurston, and if one is puzzled to find wherein it is a particularly "adult" play, there is at least a great deal in it that augurs well for the interest of later productions. The Blue Peter does not differ greatly from many other plays of the moment in theme, material or plot. If it is pointedly "adult" in its interest, then most of the Broadway successes can claim the same quality—apart, that is, from the musical plays and certain instances of dramatized sapolio. In the prologue you have straight African melodrama, intended to show why the hero, David Hunter, later on experiences the call of the African wild. There is a White Cargo hot sun and fever, and a Cape Smoke smattering of native gibberish and gun fire. When this is over, you settle down to three acts in Liverpool six years later, when Hunter is married and feels once more the urge to go back to fevers and native uprisings.

There is a great deal of conversation in these three acts centering around the problem of the vagrant male. Emma, the wife, displays a lack of tact in trying to hold her husband at home that might drive some men even farther than Africa. A wise and kindly little mother-in-law (the best part the play can offer to Margaret Wycherley) intervenes when she can to show that a pair of chains and blinders are not always the best restraining influences. But being only a mother-in-law on a visit, her words pass thinly through the air. Hunter decides he will go to Africa to prospect a new gold mine. Then, after a "fair play" appeal by Emma, he decides not to go. Later in the evening, he decides once more to go, while seeing off his friend in a waterside tavern called the Blue Peter. But when the inn-keeper's daughter makes love to him, and he realizes that his love for the wilds is little better than the love offered by this lady of fortune, he makes another decision (this time final) to go home and stay there and help dress the Christmas tree for the morrow.

These mental vagaries of the hero would possess more adult stimulus if the author seemed to know just what he means to say. As it stands, the conflict is made an objective one between the love of home and the love of adventure. It is largely the story of the child torn between two toys. There is but small hint of the fact that all this outward restlessness is little more than the reflection of an inner restlessness of soul. The nearest approach to this, and by far the finest moment of the play, is when Hunter sees the parallel between the lure of the mistress and the lure of adventure in far lands. At this instant the whole play leaps upward, grasping at the real truth that liberty of the soul is vastly different from shirked responsibility and bodily license.

Mr. Goodman's direction is considerably more than adequate considering the spotty construction of the play itself. In the tavern scene, he achieves an interesting realism by having a running fire of conversation at all times between all groups on the stage, subduing the tones of one group, like an orchestral director, to permit another group to be heard. He does not escape the danger of this method entirely, however, as the hum of voices at times becomes merely confusing. He is by no means as successful, for example, as Dudley Digges in a similar scene in The Wild Duck, The Stagers have set themselves a precarious ideal. It will be their difficult task to see that in consciously soaring toward art, they do not tumble into artifice. The really "adult" intelligence seldom hangs out the ornate badge of its maturity.

The Little Minister

BARRIE, by the way, is a good example of one whose maturity sparkles quite naturally without the assistance of either purple ink or a written proclamation. Perhaps The Stagers would not include the Barrie plays on an adult list. This is an interesting point but unimportant. The fact is, that Barrie has an overflowing charity of insight of the kind which only a genuine maturity can breed. You do not find much charity in slapstick, nor, for that matter, in the morbid variety of tragedy. The cruelty of one and the moroseness of the other are peculiarly the qualities of an undeveloped or unevenly developed mind. If you do not find much stark realism in Barrie's plays, it is probably because Barrie knows that outward realities are transient and supremely unimportant. He is more concerned with the stuff visions are made of. It has a way of weaving an endless skein toward eternity.

Perhaps this is why so few actors succeed entirely in conveying the Barrie spirit. They must share largely in his own view, in his unconcern for the ephemeral and in his kindly earnestness about enduring things. This unconcern is the essence of his humor; this earnestness the strength of his charity. The two together make up his lasting charm. In the current revival of The Little Minister, Ralph Forbes moves throughout to the wave of Barrie's bâton. He acts the part from within, not from above or below it. Miss Chatterton, on the other hand, as Lady Babbie, acts a little bit from above, rather

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too consciously, and with a lightness which she is obliged to force. She makes a delightful picture, and there are many pleasing moments when she falls fully under the Barrie spell. But this mood is not sustained. She is a good and satisfactory Lady Babbie without being adept and satisfying. One feels that Helen Hayes would do better, would have a more sprightly sincerity and a more complete abandon. Without Mr. Forbes, this would be rather heavy Barrie sauce. With him, the evening wins its charming way with you.

The Love Song

EVER since the discovery that the music of Schubert, as adapted in Blossom Time, was far more delightful than the jazzed plagiarisms of the modern music factories, managers have been on the search for composers whose lives furnished romantic material and whose music would roll agreeably throughout a popular evening. It is almost strange that no one landed on Offenbach before this. At all events, we have him now as the hero of the Love Song, and his life to furnish a background of the curious Second Empire.

There is nothing particularly edifying in the story of the Love Song and a good deal that might, to advantage, be handled with greater delicacy. But this part is largely incidental to the main theme, which is the enduring devotion of Offenbach to the Empress Eugénie. It is one of those stories of unrequited love which carry with it the touch of inspiration and pathos. It is well worth the accompaniment of Offenbach's finest melodies.

The Shuberts have selected a cast of considerable vocal ability to carry the conviction of artistry. Many of the duets, trios and quartettes become musical delights, to which fortunately, is added a personal charm conspicuously absent from the more imposing operatic stage. Odette Myrtil goes even a step beyond this in revealing herself as a most capable violinist, with a full, smooth tone, a faultless intonation and an interpretive ability which errs only slightly on the side of sentimentalism.

When Choosing Your Plays

Candida—Splendid acting.
Cape Smoke—A well-acted melodrama of the African Veldt.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.
Loggerheads—A delightful tragi-comedy of Irish life.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Old English—A portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss.
Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Quarantine—An unwholesome comedy.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
The Blue Peter—Reviewed above.
The Dark Angel—A play of atonement and self-sacrifice.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
The Little Minister—Reviewed above.
The Love Song—Reviewed above.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
The Wild Duck—Ibsen's self-revealing drama superbly directed and acted.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

BOOKS

Democracy and Leadership, by Irving Babbitt. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

IRVING BABBITT is a Harvard professor and a humanist. Humanism, I take it, is an attempt to estimate man as a whole. This attempt necessarily conflicts with the false common-places of the modern world—especially the non-Catholic world. It is at warfare not only with the materialist pseudo-scientific folly of interpreting life on a basis of statistics, the tendency which Professor Babbitt calls Baconian Utilitarianism and traces back to Francis Bacon, but also with the sentimentalist who interprets life in terms of emotion ungoverned by the intellect or by traditional controls. Of this last tendency the great exponent is, of course, Rousseau —whose theories entered America through Thomas Jefferson. Per contra, the central assumption of humanism is that there is such a thing as the normal man and that the most important thing about him is that he is endowed with intellect, imagination, and will.

The Catholic reader sees at once that this idea underlies Catholicism as well. His faith is necessarily increased when he finds a man of Professor Babbitt's intellectual power so vigorously and so independently started in the direction followed by the great men of the Church.

Within the wide limits in which Professor Babbitt's conclusions coincide with those of Catholicism, he is an ally not to be despised. Indeed it is only bare justice to say that he is one of the chief figures of American university life. His teaching has taken strong roots and is producing a fine new generation of scholars capable of teaching the American student to despise the revolutionary theorists of radical democracy with a deserved and intelligent contempt. Anarchy, as the great Maurras is never tired of telling us, begins in the soul—too often in what the mediaevals called the intellectual soul.

Moreover his attitude toward the Catholic Church resembles that of Maurras in its frequent sympathy and its unfailing respect. In a man of his New England background and anti-clerical French university acquaintance, it is a sign of the times.

Of his former books, Literature and the American College was a vigorous reaction against flabby thinking and literary effeminacy. The New Laocoön was a sure analysis of the causes underlying the present chaos in the arts. The Masters of Modern French Criticism dealt with the failure of the inimitable French mind throughout the nineteenth century to build either a city of the soul or an observatory from which adequately to survey the world. Rousseau and Romanticism was a study of the fountain from which flow the muddy floods of error against which we all must struggle in every-day life—fons et origo malorum, indeed.

His enormous learning has not overloaded his judgment or dimmed his dry and quiet humor. Certainly it has not stiffened the impressive march of his sober masculine eloquence. In this book for the first time he exercises himself on a subject bound to interest that strange monster, the general reader. This Briareus, with God knows how many hundred eyes, can no longer fail to see, and to feel too I hope, that our professor is now shooting straight at him. Here is his thesis—Democracy will...have to be judged, like other forms of government, by the quality of its leadership...the American trend, if it is not checked, will be fatal to personal liberty and will lead ultimately to what he terms a decadent

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imperialism. Our failure to deal adequately with the problem of leadership he traces to our education, especially our higher education, where ethical standards have been undermined by various utilitarian and sentimental tendencies.

Hear now his opening paragraphs—

"According to Mr. Lloyd George, the future will be even more exclusively taken up than is the present with the economic problem, especially with the relations between capital and labor. In that case, one is tempted to reply, the future will be very superficial. When studied with any degree of thoroughness, the economic problem will be found to run into the political problem, the political problem in turn into the philosophical problem, and the philosophical itself to be almost indissolubly bound up at last with the religious problem...

"The man of the nineteenth century was indeed wont to take for granted that the type of progress he sought to promote was a progress toward civilization. Some persons began to have doubts on this point even before the war, others had their doubts awakened by the war itself, and still others have been made doubtful by the peace...

"It goes without saying that the partisans of 'progress' have not admitted their spiritual blindness. They have accepted as valid substitutes for the traditional standards and the moral unity that these standards tended to promote, certain new unifications of life that displayed great imagination, indeed—but an imagination that has not been sufficiently tested from the point of view of reality...We have all grown familiar with the type of person who is, in his own conceit, a lofty 'idealist,' but when put to the test has turned out to be only a disastrous dreamer . . .whereas I hold that at the heart of genuine Christianity are certain truths which have already once saved western civilization, and judiciously employed, may save it again."

At this point the reader naturally asks himself what our author believes genuine Christianity to be. I am afraid the answer is not altogether free from the fatal and congenital weakness of Protestantism—that of cutting down the Gospel to a handful of favorite texts. When Professor Babbitt occasionally sniffs at tradition and "outer authority"—those twin bugbears of the old-fashioned New Englander—it is amusing to note that what is really the matter with him is his inability to shake himself entirely free from his own tradition—the dusty cobweb of Puritanism that entangled his youth. Probably inherited Puritanism is also the cause of his misunderstanding of the Catholic doctrine as to infant damnation. Once he even seems to reach the logical goal of Protestantism in philosophic nihilism, when he approvingly quotes Joubert to the effect that "illusion is an integral part of reality."

But on the other hand, he often shows a surprising sympathy with Catholicism. He is not far from understanding the Fall and even the Incarnation. In his first chapter, he justly observes that Protestantism, "...if one takes a sufficiently long-range view, appears largely as an incident in the rise of nationalism." On the very next page, after professing himself "...irrevocably committed to the modern experiment," by which he means a so-called positive and critical individualism, he finds himself compelled to remark—

"It would sometimes seem, indeed, that what wisdom we have is a survival. . . One may even catch the point of view of the ultramontane Catholic, as set forth by Pius IX in the Syllabus of 1864—'If anyone says that the Pope can and should be reconciled and make terms with progress, with liberalism and modernist civilization, let him be anathema.'"

Furthermore, he makes a point of being no theologian. What he is after is morals and political philosophy, and in these fields his analysis of current error is masterly and his presentation of truth—within the broad province to which he deliberately limits himself—is an honor to American thought and letters.

In his discussion of morals and political philosophy, he summarizes the entire history of western civilization. The mediterranean city states in which civilized Europe seems to have begun, reposed upon traditional, local religions. When individualistic and egalitarian tendencies at last succeeded in disintegrating the traditional loyalties which held together the state and the family, government became an affair of naked force. The Catholic Church rebuilt society upon a basis of moral authority. From the renaissance to the eighteenth century, traditional moral authority steadily declined. Toward the end of the eighteenth century Rousseau, the chief theorist of radical democracy and also the chief exponent of the superiority of barbarism over civilization, took the decisive step of reversing the direction of moral effort.

Whereas all previous ethical systems had agreed that evil had its chief source in the unrestrained passions of mankind, the new prophet declared that the people were essentially virtuous and that the source of evil was to be found in faulty institutions which had been imposed upon blameless humanity and had succeeded in deforming its primitive goodness.

Of course such teaching is entirely outside reality. Every penitent in Christendom gives it the lie. As was remarked at the time, if human nature was essentially good, then from what source did kings, capitalists, and priests derive the enormous and diabolic power by which they had succeeded in subverting that essential goodness? Nevertheless through its flattery of the ignorance and self-will of the enormous majority of mankind the new doctrine gained ground—producing a series of bloody convulsions of which the world has probably not yet seen the last.

Pausing for a moment over Edmund Burke, the great Irishman who strove to dam the first flood of the revolutionary current, Professor Babbitt goes on to analyze the necessary connection between the radical democracy of Rousseau and the international and inter-class savagery of the modern world. He remarks that it is, or was until yesterday, assumed that democracy is the same thing as liberty and the opposite of imperialism; whereas history and observation agree in telling us that democracy is the death of liberty and is closely akin to imperialism—in the broad sense of that much abused word. This brings up his definition of imperialism, which is perhaps the kernel of the book. Imperialism, he says, is the desire to domineer—untempered by genuine moral considerations. The anti-imperialistic temper on the other hand, is that which prefers self-control to control over others. From this standpoint our author has no difficulty in showing that the democracies of past and present times have been and are deeply bitten by the imperialistic disease. If the so-called advanced political parties of Europe are occasionally opposed to adventures abroad, it is only so they may concentrate their efforts on expropriating the capitalist at home. No one cringed more abjectly at the feet of Napoleon than the Jacobin Democrats. And why? Because they recognized in his infinite desire for power a grandiloquent copy of themselves. The contemporary admiration for our big business

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men (who are, as Professor Babbitt truly says, little better than efficient megalomaniacs) amounts to the same thing.

Over against these barbarisms there is not only the Aristotelian-Catholic tradition of Christendom, there is also the testimony of the great teachers of the Far East, Buddha and Confucius. The present reviewer must confess to some doubt as to the practical moral value of studies in comparative religion. Nevertheless, it is certainly good to be reminded that the ancient and highly cultured civilizations of the Far East still stand upon religious or humanistic traditions of self-mastery, not altogether different from our own.

In his concluding chapters Professor Babbitt considers True and False Liberals and Democracy and Standards. One of our chief modern difficulties he finds to be a superficial definition of the word "work." Our democracies tend to narrow down the idea of work to the grotesquely limited meaning of manual work. One thinks at once of the Robots. Of course from the point view of society as a whole, mental work is equally indispensable, and ethical work the most important of all. Necessarily mental work must be the work of the leader, and Babbitt suggests, it is because the laborer suspects that his leader, the man of mental work, is indifferent to ethical work and is thinking only of satisfying his own and his women's desire to domineer, that he himself in revenge denies to mental work its right to its superior material rewards. Morally justified or not, such a tendency is headed away from civilization and straight for barbarism; for civilization implies degrees of work, hierarchies and subordinations.

Unhappily, want of space forbids dwelling upon more of the many good things in the book. I cannot resist the temptation of pointing to the reader the analysis of the connection between human conceit and Rousseauistic democracy. From this I find myself led on to the masterly exposure of the cruel paradox of pacifist inability to keep the peace. Again, I am unwilling to pass over the keen phrases which so effectually puncture the self-styled "gospel of service."

It is impossible to leave off considering Professor Babbitt's great book without reminding oneself of the method of Saint Thomas Aquinas. True, Babbitt expressly disclaims revealed religion and would build morals and politics upon observed experience and upon reason alone. The point of contact is that whereas Saint Thomas labored to show that natural reason rightly used was capable of bringing man a long way towards God, so Babbitt's humanism nowhere contradicts faith, but on the contrary reinforces it. Perhaps it is too soon to hope to realize the dream of every Catholic scholar—a new marriage between reason and faith. Certainly if it comes it must be through some extension of the wise humanism Babbitt represents. Meanwhile, in her warfare to prevent the dissolution of our society, the Church has need of all the stout allies she can find.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON.

Outlines of Pure Jurisprudence, by Francis P. LeBuffe. New York: Fordham University Press. $2.00.

IT is the unfortunate attitude of the present day to call in question everything that is traditional. Hon. James Beck summed this up very well when he said—"In all former ages all that was in the past was presumptively true, and the burden was upon him who sought to change it. Today the human mind apparently regards the lessons of the past as presumptively false, and the burden is upon him who seeks to invoke them." This digest and definition of terms and distinctions has been prepared after years of profound study.

BRIEFER MENTION

Platonism and Its Influence, by Alfred Edward Taylor. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $1.50.

WITH regard to the many disputed questions connected with the interpretation of Plato, Dr. A. W. Taylor, professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, has done his best to be silent where he could, and where he could not, to indicate his own opinions without assuming that they are necessarily the true ones because they are his. The result is an admirable addition to the series of the books of Our Debt to Greece and Rome Fund, and the spread of information on the old philosophical schools that will be helpful in higher education. Dr. Taylor traces the influence of Plato through the efforts of Porphyry and the Neo-Platonists under the Emperor Julian, through Saint Augustine, Boethius and Dionysius, through the works of Aristotle and the final triumph of Christian philosophy in Albert the Great and Saint Thomas Aquinas. He shows that in English, the Augustinian tradition remained in force in the writings of the Franciscans of Oxford and points out the contrasting attitudes of that university with the Thomists of the University of Paris. The opposition of the Thomist philosophical school to Plato and Kant, the two philosophers who most emphatically assert the total disparity of sense and thought, is also clearly outlined. Dr. Taylor's clear delineation of these intricate questions calls for the commendation of all who are interested in the history and the facts of philosophy.

Roman Private Life, by Walton Brooks McDaniel. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $1.50.

AS one of the volumes published by the contributors in the series of Our Debt to Greece and Rome Fund, Dr. W. B. McDaniel, professor of Latin in the University of Pennsylvania, presents us with a lively study of the domestic relations among the early Romans. His work is a booklet of multitudinous facts that will be serviceable for all who read their classics in the translations of such editions as the Loeb Classical Library. The erudition is thoroughly digested by a man of learning, and constitutes a highly intelligent and practical handbook, pleasant to read and useful as an adjutant to the class-room and a permanent addition to the reference shelves of the libraries.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

A stranger entered the library without knocking and planted his lantern on the table.

"I'm lost," he said, plaintively, "lost at the most critical moment of my career—and to think that we go to press tomorrow! It's agonizing!"

The Editor jumped to his feet. "Did I hear you say 'go to press'?" he exclaimed.

"Even so—I, too, am an editor—lost, lost, lost!"

"You may make yourself entirely at home here," said the Editor, proffering a chair.

The stranger smiled flabbily. "You don't understand—you see, I am lost in quite another way, a most tragic way, I assure you. I cannot find—myself!"

"That is most—"

"Permit me to explain. I edit what is known as a journal of opinion—mark that word. It has undone me!"

"Opinion?"

"Precisely! For three years I have successfully found an opinion on everything on the face of the earth. I have opinions that stretch from Spitzbergen to the Himalayas and from Singapore to Herrin, Illinois—"

"So elastic as that?"

"Permit me to clarify. These opinions have taken years to classify and card-index. All I have to do now is ask my secretary to look them up for me.

"My livelihood depends on my finding an opinion on everything. Today I am lost—I cannot find myself—that is, I cannot find an opinion—for my opinions and I are one!"

"How baffling!" murmured the Editor. "What must you find an opinion about?"

The stranger looked about him cautiously and then bent to the Editor's ear—"An opinion about religion," he whispered.

"But surely—"

"Permit me to explain! I have looked through the shelves of our library—I have examined the works of learned scientists—but where can I find the opinion I want? It must be clear—it must be incontrovertible—it must be up to my own standard of opinions."

The Editor pulled from a nearby book-shelf a thin paper-bound booklet and handed it to the stranger.

"You will find one opinion on the first page—doubtless a small book not included in your library."

"But this is a child's catechism!" cried the stranger, angrily.

* * *

Whereupon, the Editor awoke. Rubbing his eyes, he saw that Tittivillus was ushering in Mr. Cyril B. Egan. Said Mr. Egan—"I have a story to relate to you."

"Delighted," replied the Editor, if somewhat sleepily.

And Mr. Egan began—

"There once was a Retired Fool who spent his later and unpublic days in seeking after the Secret of Perpetual Laughter.

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COMMONWEAL PAMPHLETS

NUMBER TWO

"After Lenine, What?"

REV. AUGUSTINE COUNT VON GALEN, O.S.B.

Director of the Catholic Union

IN this pamphlet, reprinted from THE COMMONWEAL, Father von Galen, who is the Director of the Catholic Union, an international association which aims to bring back to the Catholic Church the people of Russia and the Near East, gives a remarkable account of the responsibilities which rest upon Christianity in regard to Russia and Bolshevism. The ravages made upon Christianity through Red domination, the resultant effect upon Russian youth, and the remedy for these appalling conditions are admirably set forth in this brilliant article by one whose intimate association with Russian affairs well qualifies him to handle the subject.

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THE COMMONWEAL

Grand Central Terminal, New York

The secret he found in a joke: the joke he wrought himself, so late in life that his risibles were too calloused and rusty to be roused even to a titter.

"Shortly afterwards, when he lay upon his death-bed, the Old Fool committed the Secret to a Young Fool, a brand-new bauble wielder—Little Humpback.

"Now the Young Fool had a naturally quick mind, and should have been a capital cap-and-beller. But he wasn't: he was a miserable failure—for the great joke, the perpetual laughter joke, choked all the little jokes in his mind; and when finally they issued forth, there was nothing of pleasantry in them.

"So that the King of Mezzerania, for whom he witticized, waxed impatient, and thumped Little Humpback roundly with his sceptre.

" 'Funnier!' he would roar, 'funnier, Fool, or I will fan thee again!'

"And the Fool, with his sour, twisted smile, would sadly essay another one, only to be greeted with further thumps and thunderations—

" 'Funnier, Fool—a thousand times funnier, or I will commit thee to the tender mercies of the bastinado!'

And the Fool would spring another one more hopelessly unwitty than those that had gone before.

" 'Funnier, Fool,' again the King would thunder, 'or by high heaven, the headsman's axe shall drink thy gore e'er dawn!'

"What was a poor fool to do?—Lose his head, or tell the most tremendous joke that was ever quipped? Bloody the axe, or start the endless chain of laughter?

" 'O, King,' he cried, and there was a ring in his voice and a steely glitter in his eye—'I *will* be funnier! I will be funniest! I will tell thee the Joke Everlasting!'

"Never before had the courtiers seen the fool so confident of his jesting. They moved forward to hang upon his words.

" 'Ah, no,' said the Fool, waving them back—'this is exclusively for His Majesty!'

"Then with an evil grin, he leaned throneward and whispered in the King's ear. . .

"And at first the King smiled, and then he tittered, and then he chuckled, and then he hee-heed, and then he ha-ha'd, and then he ho-ho'd, and then he haw-hawed—and by that time, although the courtiers had not heard a word of the great joke, they too, finding the laughter infectious, were hee-heeing and haw-hawing and ho-ho-ing in most irrepressible and irresponsible fashion.

" 'Ha-Ha!—Hee-Hee!—Ho-Ho!—Haw—Haw—Haw!'

"The women shrieked hysterically, the men brayed like jackasses, the pages and torch-boys howled obscenely like little hyenas.

"And the laughter spread from the throne room through the royal corridors; and from the royal corridors it seeped through to the palace gates; and from the palace gates it seeped through into the city streets; and from city streets it went bawling into country lanes, until all the Kingdom of Mezzerania was laughter inundated—till every man, woman, and child was shaking with the maddest kind of mirth. . ."

* * *

"Well," said the Editor, now wide awake, "what *was* the joke?"

"What! Do you too wish to laugh forever?" said Mr. Egan.—Besides, I would call your attention to the date. Today is April first.

THE LIBRARIAN.

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